Jester's Picnic.

...lor was called upon the stand as a wit-

...ll, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know ...intiff and defendant?"

...on't know the drift of them words," an-... the sailor.

...nat! not know the meaning of plaintiff ...fendant!" continued the lawyer; "a ... fellow you, to come here as a witness. ...ou tell me where on board the ship it was ...his man struck the other one?"

...baft the binnacle," said the sailor.

..."baft the binnacle!" said the lawyer, ... do you mean by that?"

...pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, ...me here as a lawyer, and don't know ...baft the binnacle means."

...nt, the famous Indian chief, was as nota-...his wit as his bravery, and often made as ...retort as any attributed to the keenest of ...te brethren. On one occasion, a brag-...ptain was boasting what *he* would have ...f he had met the warrior in a certain ...ncy. "I'll tell you," said Brant, "what ...uld have done—you would have followed ...ample of another boaster, who, on meeting ...e to face, took to his heels, and never ...ill he arrived in Albany—which he ...d to enter during a great conflagration. ...g the Dutchmen cry 'braunt, braunt!' ...re] he only ran the harder, exclaiming, ..., that cussed old Indian has got here be-...e!"

...nsane man, hearing Noah's name men-...thus expatiated: "O, yes, Mr. ——, ...r old Noah very well. There were two ...whom I knew; but old Mr. Noah lived ...housand years before the Noah you refer ...o built the ark. I had a good deal to do ...e construction of the ark, and furnished ...ery useful hints in regard to the admis-...light and air, and so forth. He was a ...spectable man, Noah, with a decent fam-...it, unfortunately, he got into very dissi-...habits in his old age, and, in spite of all I ...say to him, he indulged in brandy and ...to a very hurtful excess."

...nted, at this office, a young man to learn ...nting trade. He must be ambitious enough ...out of bed before eight o'clock in the ...ng—to do a thing without being told how ...han six times—do his chores without hav-...the boys in the neighborhood help him, ...overseer to tell him morning, noon and ...what is to be done; and last, though not ...he must be willing to carry the papers, ...pon subscribers, saw wood, rock the cradle, ...ssary, roll, distribute jobs, black his own ...etc. To such a one a steady situation ...od wages will be given.—*Hudson Sentinel.*

...Emeralder, having two legs of unequal ...sions, ordered a pair of boots to be manu-...ed accordingly. The boots were sent him; ...on trying them on, he transposed them. ...maller boot didn't begin to look upon the ...r leg, and the perspiration accompanied ...periment. "By the piper of Moses! sure ...ained to have one boot larger than the ...instead of which the spalpeen has made ...aller than the other. Be jabers, an' I'll ...ake them, sure." The boots were sent

...well known tavern keeper in New Orleans, ...iana, was speaking about his brother Ben, ...s also his partner. "Now," said he, "Ben ...tand anything at all; he has been used to ...y they do things up north, and if a feller ...or a drink, and says to him, 'charge that,' ...ets mad, and feels like walking right into ... Well, that's not the way with me—I ...y sigh very faintly, and then pour *another* ...*f water* into the brandy cask."

..."rudder Jones, can you tell me de difference ...en dying and dieting?"

..."Well, ob course I can, Samuel. When you ...ou lib on noffin, and when you die you hab ...to lib on."

..."Well, dat's different from what I tort it was. ...it was a race atween doctorin' stuff and ...tion, to see which will kill fust."

..."That's that horse out of?" said a fellow, ...view to quiz a farmer's boy, who was riding ...horse which showed less of blood than bone. ..."but of?"

..."Oh, what's he out of? Do you know?" ..."Yes, I do."

..."Well, what?"

..."He's out of oats."

...Brahamite suggests the following recipe for ...illion in these hard times. He says it can, ...e option of the consumer, be taken as ...or a pudding: "Cut up four laths in a ...of saw-dust. When well mixed, bake it, ...cing a napkin containing it, in the sun for ...an hour. Serve up with sauce made by ...g a cedar shingle in a pail of water."

...he one endeavored to console the wife of ...al de Villeroy, after the loss of the battle ...millies, by saying that, "thank heaven, ...arshal and Duke de Villeroy were well." ...t is enough for me," she replied; "but not ...h for them."

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE IRON CROSS:

—OR,—

THE COUNTESS OF ERROL.

A Tale of High and Low Life.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XX.

FREE!

Poor Clara! She hardly knew how to look on the strange things that had so suddenly come on her. Even yet she could not fully realize that she was to see her brother, or that she was to go free. She looked on the little iron cross, and then pressed it to her lips; and to God she prayed that there might come no disappointment with this cup.

And where was Henry all this while? In the same room where we last saw him. The place was not wholly dark, nor was it very light. There was a window in the apartment, but it only opened into another room. Henry sat on the edge of his bed engaged in reading an old Bible. He had changed some, but not so much as his sister, for a spirit of deep indignation had kept him up. While he sat thus his door was opened, and Mrs. O'Brady entered.

"How now, woman?" the youth asked.

"Easy, sir," said the woman. "I am come to do ye no harm."

"Then why didn't you open the wicket as you generally do?"

He alluded to the little slide near the door through which his hostess was in the habit of putting his food.

"I opened your door, sir, so that ye might follow me out if ye'd a mind to."

"Ah," uttered the youth, energetically, for the first time noticing the change that had come o'er the face of the old woman. "What mean ye?"

"Follow me, and ye shall see."

Henry started up and his keeper turned towards the door. Somehow his heart beat more freely, and a dim light broke in upon him. The woman did not act or speak like one who meant evil. He followed her through a long passage, but when she came to ascend a steep flight of stairs, he stopped.

"Are ye afeared?" the guide asked.

"But why go up?"

"Follow me, and you shall see."

"But wherefore? By heavens I fear all is not—"

"Then back to your room, Henry Wallace. Faix, an' if ye's afeared of a woman—"

"Go on, go on. I'll follow."

So up the crazy, ricketty stairs they went, and when they had reached the top, the woman advanced a few paces and opened a door just like the one which had been shut upon the youth.

"Ha," he uttered, as he saw the stout, bolted plank, "you mean to change my prison, eh?"

"Look in and see. Look in, Henry Wallace."

"Henry! Henry!" came in quick, low notes from the room.

The youth started forward as he heard that voice. He stopped on the threshold, and he saw before him a female form; there was a quick cry, a low moan of agonizing joy—and on the next moment the brother and sister were clasped in each other's arms. The old woman saw them thus, and with a tear in her eye she turned away from the place and closed the door after her. It was the first tear she had shed for many a day.

"O," murmured Henry, still holding his sister to his bosom, and looking down into her face, "this moment is a recompense for all the past. Clara, sister—you are not—you are still—my sister!"

"Yes—yes—Henry."

"And art not harmed?"

The maiden met the eager, agonizing look of suspense that rested on her brother's face, and she quickly knew his meaning.

"No, no, Henry," she cried. "I am not harmed. O your sister's kiss is pure—her embrace is as holy as when we stood by our dying mother's bed. Heaven itself is not more free of stain."

"Blessings, blessings for this, my sister. O, the darkest cloud is rolled away and light cometh now."

There were more words spoken—words such as their frenzy of joyful affection dictated—and by and by they sat down together, the sister on her brother's knee, and still leaning on his bosom.

"And now, Clara, how came you here?" the youth asked. "O you cannot know what I suffered when I knew that you were gone. But tell me, how came you here?"

"When I left you on that fatal evening," returned the maiden, with a quick shudder, "I found a woman at the door, or what I then supposed was a woman. She asked me if my name was Clara Wallace. I told her it was. Then she asked me if I had a brother Henry; and I told her yes. 'Well,' she said, 'I have a letter for him,' and as she spoke, she stepped down to the arch where the gas light was, and asked me to come. I saw her feeling in her pocket, and of course I suspected no danger. I stepped towards her, and the moment I reached the arch I heard a movement behind me, but before I could turn to see what it was, a thick cloth of some kind was thrown over my head, and in a moment more I was lifted from my feet and borne away. I could not cry out, not could I get away from the strong hands that held me. Soon I was placed in a carriage, and then driven away at a rapid rate. When the bandage was removed from my mouth and eyes, I found myself in this room, and here I have been ever since."

"And do you know who brought you here?" asked Henry.

"Yes. It was Alberto Lacompte—or Gustavus Brown, as he sometimes calls himself."

"The tall, black-whiskered man?"

"Yes, he wears any kind of whiskers he pleases, and sometimes a moustache. He was here the other evening, and dropped a pair which I picked up the next morning. He must have pulled them out of his pocket with his handkerchief. I have not seen him since, so I have kept them."

"Had you ever seen him before?"

"Once, at Mr. Loman's."

"And what was his reason for his conduct?"

"Why, he professed that it was love for me; but I knew better."

"Sometimes," answered Clara, with a fearful shudder, "I have thought that Mr. Loman had some hand in it. But, but—it seems almost impossible."

"So have I thought, Clara, only I have seen no impossibility in it, for I believe him capable of anything that can minister to his passions. The only thing that puzzles me is, why he should have done it. But even here, I can see a glimmer of a probability at least. He may have done it to prevent my seeing Rosamond."

"O, good Rosamond. Have you seen her?"

"Often, sister."

"And was she sorry when I was gone?"

"Sorry? Ah, Clara, you do not yet know all the noble purity and deep soul of that fair girl. She wept, wept bitterly, when you were gone. You are a sister to her, and for you she feels a sister's love."

"God bless her!" fervently ejaculated Clara, brushing a tear from her eye. And yet," she added, after a pause, "Mr. Loman could have had no reason for doing this to me."

"I cannot see that he had. It is a dark, mysterious thing, Clara. But we may know yet. But this Lacompte, what was he doing at Mr. Loman's?"

"Passing himself off as a French count."

"I have a strange suspicion of that man, sister. I—but those whiskers—let me see them."

Clara arose and went to the table, and from the little drawer she took the piece in question, and handed it to her brother. It was a pair of coarse, heavy whiskers, evidently made of common curled hair, and neatly stitched to a piece of black silk. Henry examined it carefully, and on one side he found a place where a piece had gone. The silk had been torn, leaving the foundation, which was of coarse, woollen stuff, bare, and a piece about two inches long and an inch wide, was missing. But the thick hair of the adjoining parts lapped over sufficiently to hide the rent at a short distance.

"Clara," spoke the youth, with a low, meaning emphasis, "I have the piece which came out of this!"

"You, Henry!"

"Yes, and my suspicions are now well founded. Mr. Alberto Lacompte is the man that did that murder. I am sure of it!"

"And is the watch seal his?" asked Clara, in astonishment.

"I surely took it from him. I saw him in my room when I was first brought here, and there was another man with him. This latter man I recognized by his voice to be the one who called at the office and tried to get the seal. I only had a glimpse of a few moments at Lacompte, for the light was soon extinguished, but I recognized him even then. But now I am sure. You know I told you I had a piece of a false whisker which I pulled from the face of the murderer, and I know that piece belongs to this whisker."

"And do you think that this man can be a son of the countess?" asked the fair girl.

"I don't know what to think," returned Henry, with a dubious, troubled expression. "By my soul, it is all dark to me—everything. We both of us seem to move in mystic darkness. We know not why we are moved as we are, and we know not what the end of these things is to be."

"Alas," murmured Clara, "we are the children of misfortune!"

"Not altogether, my sister. But yet our lot has been hard in some respects. I wonder if—"

Before he could finish the sentence, the door of the room was opened, and the huge rotundity of Mrs. O'Brady appeared in the way.

"Now have ye's got through wid yer kissin' an' cryin'?" she uttered, with a kindly look breaking through the coarseness of her face.

"Yes," answered Henry, "for the present."

"Then ye'd better be movin', for I don't know when they'll be here after ye's. An' I've thought of a way to do it. I've locked up my shop, an' now we'll go to your room, sir, an' ye'll lock me in, an' thin you and yer sister can go as soon as ye please. D'ye understand if ye do this, then when they come, I'll tell 'em that I went into yer room, an' yer knocked me down and run an' bolted the door after ye, eh?"

Henry understood her meaning at once. He saw that she feared to give direct offence to the men who had employed her, and hence she meant to deceive them by making them think that her prisoners had escaped in spite of her.

So the old woman led the way, and both Henry and Clara followed. When they reached the room where the youth had been confined they entered it, and here Mrs. O'Brady spoke again.

"Now go," she said, "an' be sure that ye bolt this door after ye. When ye reach the street, ye'll see a little dirty boy there. Tell him Mrs. O'Brady wants to see him up stairs. Whin he comes up, I'd cry out wid all my might, an' he'll come an' let me out. Thin, d'ye see, I'll have ividence that ye locked me in—that ye thin went an' set yer sister free, an' then run."

"God will bless you for this," uttered Clara.

"Ay, and we, too, will bless and pray for you," added Henry.

"I believe ye, but don't stop now. Only remember that I've done ye no harm. If I hadn't took ye's, they'd made somebody else do it, an' thin ye's fared worse. Mind ye, I've kept me faith wid yer mother—God rest her soul. An' ye'll niver lose the iron cross, for sure it's a charmed thing. Now go. Don't stop now another minute, for ye know not whin they'll come."

Henry saw that the woman was anxious they should be gone, as well for her own sake as theirs, and taking his sister by the hand, he turned away from the place where he had passed so many agonizing hours. He found the front entry without difficulty, and sliding back the bolt of the door, he threw it open and was soon in the street. A little ragged boy sat upon the doorsteps, and to him Henry turned.

"Boy, do you know Mrs. O'Brady?"

"I don't know nothink else," was the characteristic answer.

"Well, I guess she would like to see you up stairs. Maybe she's got something for you."

"Sumthink for me? Ge crickee!"

With this the urchin started up the steps, while Henry, drawing his sister's arm close within his own, set off at a quick pace towards the upper part of the city.

CHAPTER XXI.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

Later in the day, and we find Mr. Loman alone in the large drawing-room of his house. He was pacing to and fro, and his face showed that he was deeply moved. Arabella had not been seen since the evening before, and none could tell where she had gone. The parent had made every inquiry where probability could turn, but nothing of his lost child could he hear. There were other things too that weighed upon his mind—things that made him shake with fear and dread. For many nights he had slept but little, and even by day when he would bury his mind in business if he could, the spectres haunted him.

Thus was he still pacing the floor, when a servant announced Alberto Lacompte. The merchant started as he heard that name, but he ordered the servant to admit him. The visitor bowed very low as he entered. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and his bearing was easy and assured.

"Ah, friend Loman, how do you find yourself to day?" he asked, at the same time taking a seat.

"Be not too familiar, sir," uttered the merchant, sharply. "You presume too much on the casual acquaintance that exists between us. But what of the boy and girl?"

"They are safe."

"Out of the city, you told me?"

"Yes sir."

"How far?"

"So far that you shall not be troubled with them again so long as you pay their board. And now, my dear sir, how about the pay? A few hundreds would come very handy just now."

"Look ye, Lacompte," uttered the merchant, looking the fellow sternly in the face, "have you not already helped yourself to a part of your pay?"

"Me, sir? Speak more plainly."

"How about my silver plate and gold spoons, and so forth?"

"Really, sir, you are facetious. I shall have to ask you to speak more plainly still."

"Then, sir, did you go to my closet and take away a lot of my plate?"

"John Loman, had another man asked that question, I should not deign to answer it, but I will answer you by simply saying no!"

"I suppose I shall have to take your word."

"You can do as you please about that, sir. I am prepared for anything."

"Let it pass. I think you stole them, though."

"And is that the extent of your confidence in a French nobleman?"

"Don't fool, sir. If I called you count, in order to pass you off before my children without suspicion, you will not presume upon it now. And by the way, sir, have you seen or heard anything of Arabella?"

"Of the beautiful maiden I have seen here, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Let the other part of our business be settled first. I want three hundred dollars."

"But you have my note for a thousand."

"Very well. I'll endorse it if you say so."

"I cannot spare that sum, now. I have not over two hundred with me."

"Then give me what you have."

"No, no, sir. You have no right to push me—"

"Oho, very well. If that's the case, I'll give you back your note, and raise the money elsewhere. There's a gentleman just around who will give me double that amount for my charge."

"What do you mean?" asked the merchant, turning pale.

"Captain Joseph Beckwith has returned—his ship came in yesterday morning—and I hear he is half crazy about a certain girl he once loved."

"You will not turn traitor—you will not betray me?"

"And I hear, too," resumed Lacompte, without seeming to take any notice of this last utterance, "that suspicion is darned this way."

"Ha!"

"That keen scented old lawyer has his eyes fixed on you, sir. He has been closeted with a certain countess."

"By heavens, sir, if you do betray me—"

"Stop, John Loman. You know I will not break my pledge so long as you keep yours. But I do need three hundred dollars."

"I will try to spare them. I have some in my pocket which is not really mine; but if you are really in want I must run the risk of sparing it, I suppose."

As the merchant spoke he drew forth his pocket book, and with trembling fingers he counted out the three hundred dollars. Lacompte received them with a calm assurance, and when he had rolled up the notes and put them in his own pocket, he turned to the merchant, and said:

"Now, sir, I am ready for the next business."

"I asked you concerning my child, Arabella," said Loman, as soon as he could appear perfectly calm.

"And what would you know of her?"

"If you had seen her?"

"I have."

"Ha! When?"

"Last night."

"Where, sir?"

"On my bosom, sir. The adored Arabella is my wife!"

John Loman started forward with his fists clenched, but he did not touch the man before him. At first his face turned red as fire, but soon the blood all left it, and he was pale as death.

"Your wife?" he gasped.

"Yes, sir. We were married last night."

"Villain! traitor! scoundrel!"

"—ah, my dear father, that is not the way to receive a son-in-law."

"Rascal! you lie to me! Arabella would not have stooped so low."

"Stooped, sir. Did she stoop in marrying a count?"

"She knew you were not a count."

"How should she know? You yourself introduced me as a count."

"And have you visited here since, under that guise?"

"O yes sir. I have been quite free here."

"Fool—dolt—idiot—"

"Do you mean me, sir?"

"No, myself!"

"Upon my soul, you are honest."

The merchant measured the frame of the villain with his eye, and then he started across the room. For awhile he was almost frantic with rage and mortification, and yet he had not begun to blame himself. He knew that he had himself introduced Lacompte to his daughter as a French count, but he had only done that so as cover up his real character; for the reader may now know that when Loman first brought Lacompte to his house, he did it so that he might see and know the poor girl whom he was to take away, and in order to hide all possibility of suspicion, he had favored the story of his countship. It will be remembered that on the evening of that visit, Clara was called into the room ostensibly to fix the lamp, but really that Lacompte might mark her.

"Come, come, sir," said Lacompte, as the merchant approached him, "there is no use in going on in this way. You wont make matters any better by raving and foaming about it."

"O villain!" groaned the stricken man.

"Come, be cay."

"Silence, dog!"

Lacompte was on the point of replying, when the servant again put her head into the room.

"Lady Landowne and a gentleman."

"Show 'em in," said Lacompte—and before the merchant could recover himself sufficiently to counteract the order, the servant had gone.

"Leave the room, sir," he said to Lacompte.

"*Oh!*, at once! Here, out by this door."

"O no. I should like to see this lady, so I guess I'll stop."

John Loman was almost ready to burst with passion, and yet he had to be calm, for Lady Landowne's step was close to the door. He took a turn down the room, and when he came back the lady had entered.

"Ah, madam, this is an honor," uttered the host, extending his hand.

Matilda Landowne took the proffered hand, but she shuddered perceptibly when she did so.

Next the merchant saw her gaze fixed upon Lacompte. He thought it would seem very strange if he did not introduce him, and he did so. The fellow arose with all the assurance in the world, but his countenance fell when he met the woman's gaze.

"Have we not met before, Mr. Lacompte?" she asked.

"Really madam, I—I—think not," stammered he.

A moment more the lady gazed into his face, but she evidently failed to call her acquaintance to mind, and then she turned towards her host.

"Mr. Loman," she said, "let me present our mutual friend, Captain Beckwith."

The merchant started at the sound of that name, but he managed to receive the man very becomingly, though it was evident his composure was lost leaving him.

Joseph Beckwith was a fine looking young man, not over seven and twenty years of age, tall and well formed, with light brown ringlets, waving about a high, open brow, and with a countenance as marked in its benevolence and truth, as it was in manly beauty.

"Mr. Loman," he said, "you will pardon me for this uninvited visit, but a matter of deep interest to me has called me here."

"No excuses, sir, I beg," uttered Loman. And then, as though he would put off the young captain's business if he could, he turned to Lady Landowne and asked:

"Have you just returned, madam?"

"Yes sir."

"And Rosamond, where is she?"

"She came with me, sir, and has gone up to her room. She will be down presently."

"And did you enjoy your visit?"

"Much, sir."

"You were gone longer than I had expected."

"We had some business to do, sir."

As the countess thus spoke, she looked the merchant so sharply and strangely in the face that he shrank with fear.

"Mr. Loman," spoke Captain Beckwith, "I had a talk with my father this morning, and he informed me that Miss Clara Wallace had been residing here with you."

"She did make it her home here, sir," returned the merchant, turning first pale and then red.

"And where is she now, sir?"

"How should I know?"

"But do you not know, sir?"

"No, I do not. Did your father send you here on this errand?"

"No sir, he did not. I have not seen him since early morning. This lady, sir, and your daughter called at the hotel to see him, but they found only me. The meeting with Rosamond was pleasant, and I should have been all joy had it not been for this blow."

"But why did you come here, sir? Why here?"

"Because this was the last place in which the girl was known to be."

"And were you her keeper?" asked Loman, unable longer to control his cowardly anger.

At this moment Rosamond entered.

"She was to me, sir, the light of my life—the star of my hope—the beacon of my life-voyage. Now tell me if you know anything of her?"

"No—nor do I wish to. Madam," the merchant continued, turning to the countess, "did you know why this man was coming here?"

"Yes sir," calmly answered she.

"Why did you not tell him that I knew nothing of the matter?"

"Because I was not sure that such was the fact."

"You had heard me say so," said the merchant, coloring.

"Ay, but that was some time since."

"Then let me repeat the assertion again, I know nothing at all about the girl, nor shall I endeavor to learn anything about her. I do not choose to hunt up every runaway servant."

"Mr. Loman," spoke the captain, biting his lips hard, "you are in your own house, or I might give you the epithet you richly merit."

During this time Rosamond had been looking around her with strange emotions. She could have pitied her father, had she not now felt sure of his guilt. She wondered why Mr. Lacompte was present, and she also felt curious to know why those quick, furtive glances were passed so often between that foppish individual and the countess. Once or twice she felt inclined to leave the room, but a feeling of curiosity kept her back. Hers was a peculiar situation. There stood her father—she saw the anger marks dark and deep upon his face, and she knew that he was suffering much, yet she could only pity him. She remembered one whom she had loved as her own soul, one in whom all her hopes of the future were centered, and she knew that her father was his enemy.

Mr. Loman had turned upon the young captain a look of deadly wrath, but ere he could speak, the door was again opened, and Isaiah Beckwith entered.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEVELOPMENTS AND RETRIBUTION.

THERE was a strange smile on the old lawyer's face as he came into the room, and a look of pride lighted up his features, as his eyes rested on his noble noble looking son.

"By my faith," uttered the merchant, "you are making strangely free with my house. What may your business be, sir?"

"Well," returned the lawyer, "perhaps I could not spin it all off at once, as my boy would say, but if you'll give me time, you shall have it in due season. First, sir, allow me to greet our friend."

He turned to the countess as he spoke, and took her hand, and next, he spoke with Rosamond. Then he turned towards the merchant and spoke:

"Now, sir, we'll come to business, if you wish to. First, I—"

"Hold, sir," uttered Loman, turning pale as he met the cool, steady, determined gaze of the old attorney. Perhaps your business is very private."

"Not at all, sir. I wish first to know what has become of Henry Wallace."

"Why do you ask me that question?"

"That is not an answer, sir. Where is Henry Wallace?" Beckwith spoke sternly.

"I know nothing of the fellow."

"Do you not?"

"You have my answer, sir."

"Then John Loman, I have a witness, and you shall see him face to face——Ah, hold a moment, my dear sir, your presence may be wanted."

This latter sentence was spoken to Mr. Albert-o Lacompte, who arose and turned towards the door as the witness was mentioned.

Mr. Lacompte sat down again, but he was not so much moved as was the merchant, for he had no character to lose, or name to blast, and let the worst come he knew that he could not be punished without dragging his employer down with him.

Mr. Beckwith went to the door and passed out into the hall, and when he returned he brought Henry and Clara Wallace with him!

For a few moments all was still as death. Lacompte was the first to speak, and his ejaculation consisted of an oath that we will not transcribe. But he was struck as though with a cannon ball, and his eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets.

John Loman started back aghast, and an oath was also upon his lips, but he kept it back. With a mighty effort he summoned all his power of control now, and was soon able to speak with comparative calmness, and he would have spoken calmly had he not seen his own daughter sink upon Henry Wallace's bosom, and cling to him with a wild, frantic joy.

"Death and perdition!" he gasped, now losing all his carefully gained control, "am I to be insulted thus in my own house?"

"Hold one moment, sir," uttered the old lawyer. "Let us talk this matter over calmly."

In the meanwhile Clara had found a resting-place. When she first entered the room she met the gaze of the young captain. He smiled upon her and took a step forward. Then he whispered her name, and as he opened his arms and gave her an eager, wistful look, she moved forward and sank upon his bosom. It was a silent question—a silent answer; but in their hearts it had a powerful meaning. It was the renewal of the question which had been at rest for long months, and the answer was an eternal pledge.

"By the Lord that made me," uttered Loman, "I'll stand this no longer. Madame Landowne, you see me moved, but have I not just cause for it?"

"Yes, John Loman, you have," was her answer. "O, I should be deeply, terribly moved, were I in your place!"

"Ha! What mean you, now?"

"I mean what I say, sir."

"Hark ye, John Loman," interrupted the lawyer, "let us bring this matter to a close. You see I have found the lost ones, and now we have come to you to know why you thus sought their ruin."

"Me? Ruin? Their ruin? Are you crazy, sir?"

"Not at all sir. I speak in sober earnestness. Alberto Lacompte, or Gustavus Brown, or any thing you please to call yourself, why did you carry these young people away from their homes, and confine them in Mrs. O'Brady's den?"

"Me, sir?" uttered Alberto, trying to look very indignant.

"Yes, you sir. And beware that you tell no lie. Do you know this, sir? and this?" asked the lawyer, holding up first a watch-seal, and then a piece of black silk with coarse hair attached to it.

The villain turned pale as death.

"Now beware, sir. Tell the truth. Did not Mr. Loman hire you to carry away these young people?"

"He did—he did!" gasped the terrified man.

"Liar! Scoundrel!" hissed the merchant. "And was 't for this you got three hundred dollars from me? Traitor! I'll—But," he added, turning to the lawyer, "it is all a lie—a base, black lie—hatched up to ruin me!"

"We understand that, sir."

By this time the countess had come forward to where Mr. Beckwith stood.

"Let me look at that seal, sir."

"I think you must recognize it," remarked the lawyer, with a smile, as he passed it over.

"It is mine—it is mine!" she cried, as she saw the crest, and then opened it to the miniature. "Where, where did you find it?"

"I think Mr. Lacompte can answer that question, lady. "The seal was found upon his person."

"Upon my person?" gasped Lacompte.

"Yes," returned Henry, turning towards him, "you remember when I caught you by the breast and whisker. My hold was not a very good one, but I retained enough to show that I had seized something."

With a pallid look Alberto sank back into a chair, but his look was now upon the door. The lawyer noticed it, and said:

"You needn't look that way, sir, for I can assure you there's danger there for you more than here. If you trust yourself in the street now, you will fall into the clutches of those who would be inclined to inquire more particularly into your case than I shall."

This had the effect of quieting Mr. Lacompte for the present, and then the busy lawyer turned towards the merchant once more.

"I think you understand me now, sir. You will excuse me for a moment. Rosamond, will you have a light in another apartment?"

The fair girl started to obey this request, and soon returned and announced that the further sitting-room was lighted. Then the old gentleman turned to the countess.

"Now," madam," he said, "you can retire. Wait no longer."

"One word first," said she; and then turning to Lacompte, she asked, "Where did you get this seal?"

"You wont—"

"Fear nothing from me, sir, for I will do you no harm. Where did you get it?"

"You came over here in the same ship with me, ma'am."

"Ah, I remember, now. There is where I saw you. You've improved in looks since."

"Yes. I found it convenient to spend a few months in Europe, and on my passage home I saw your rich watch and seal, and fell in love with 'em."

"And I thought them lost."

"And after all," said the old lawyer, with a smile, "they came very near it."

"So they did."

"Henry, Clara," spoke Beckwith, "go with the countess."

"Yes," added the lady, "come. I would see you alone."

She spoke tremulously, and turned her face quickly from the light; and as she passed out, the brother and sister followed her.

"Now, Mr. Loman, "said the attorney, after the door had closed on the retiring people, "let us come to an understanding. You may be surprised that I choose to make these developments in the presence of so many, but—"

At this juncture Rosamond left the room.

"I felt it due you that you should be punished. I would not bring you to a legal trial, for I have a regard for the feelings of your children. But you see now the enormity of the crime you have committed. Only look at it, sir. Look now at the goal you wished to reach, and see what must have been your feelings had you even reached it unscathed by detection. Where would have been your peace? where your joy? O, sir, where, where in heaven's name is one to look for peace in the path of crime? I would have spoken with you all alone on this subject—not a soul should have heard me—had your deeds not affected all who have been here assembled."

"Stop, stop, sir. Say no more!" groaned the stricken man. "I have been betrayed, and that is enough."

"I did not betray you," cried Lacompte. "By heavens, somebody betrayed me."

"Lacompte did not betray you, John Loman. You betrayed yourself in a measure, and accident did the rest. Henry and Clara came to me this morning and told me their whole story. They left the woman who kept them locked up in the youth's room, and then they fled from the house. As soon as I heard their story I knew all. You know how much I know. O, sir, it was a terrible thing you would have done. And think—how you would have sworn to love and cherish one whom you—"

"Stop! stop! God knows I have misery enough for now. Not only this thing here, but my oldest child is ruined!"

"Ah, how so?"

"She is married to that villain!"

"What, has your own tool bitten you? Has the serpent you reared for the death of others, turned and stung his keeper?"

"No, no," cried Lacompte. "I wont carry it any further. Let me go free from this, and you shall have back your daughter unharmed."

"Unharmed, villain? And is she not your wife?"

"No, it was a mock priest who said the ceremony."

"Then she is doubly ruined!"

"No, sir. As God is my judge, I didn't mean to ruin her. I only meant to make you pay roundly for having her back. Since the hour—the moment we were sham married, I have not seen her."

"Do you speak truly, now?" cried Loman, starting up and seizing the fellow by the arm.

"As sure as death I do."

"Then God be thanked!" and thus speaking, the guilty old man sank back into his chair.

"One word more," resumed Beckwith. "You know Henry Wallace loves Rosamond. Will you consent to their union?"

"Anything. I am at your mercy!"

"I do not ask it as—"

The lawyer stopped, for he saw that the merchant was slowly leaning forward, and that his cheek was deathly. He sprang forward just in time to prevent him from falling to the floor. He had fainted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

BOTH Henry and Clara were puzzled and surprised at this strange move, yet they followed the countess without saying a word. When they reached the little sitting-room, Clara could not resist the impulse that came over her.

"O Henry," she uttered, "this seems like home. This little room where I have sat so many hours."

But Henry made no reply, for at that moment the countess sank into a seat and turned her gaze upon the youthful couple who followed her. A short while she gazed upon them, and then she bowed her head and burst into tears. Clara sprang quickly to her side, and placed her arm about her neck.

"There, there, Clara, it is nothing. Sit down again. It is only a passing emotion."

The maiden sat down, and after some moments of silence, during which the countess was wiping away her tears, the latter said:

"You wonder, my children, why I have sent for you, and why I have thus called you hither. I must speak plainly, and at once, for my secret must bear me down no longer."

She stopped a moment here, wiped a fugitive tear from her cheek, and then resumed:

"I must go back and tell you a strange story, and I know you will not blame me. I am by birth an American, and was born not far from this city. My parents were poor, honest people, but they gave me a good education, for my mother was herself a good scholar. At the age of seventeen, I lost both my parents, and shortly afterwards I married a young man whom I truly loved. He was poor and an orphan. We lived together four years, and during that time I had two children—a son and daughter. Then my husband died, and I was left alone. I was weak and sickly, and ere long gaunt poverty came to my doors. It stared me in the face a while, and then it seized me. A poor woman who was also a widow, but without children, gave me a home for a while, but I saw that I was a useless burden on her hands. She loved my dear little children, and she loved me. She did not murmur, but yet I could see that she was suffering on my account. Had I been able to work, it would have been different, but I was not.

"At length a man who lived near by was about to start for Europe with his family. He wanted a governess for his children, and a nurse for his invalid wife. The physician told me it would benefit me to go. The gentleman, a Mr. Nixon, came for me. It was a hard thing. O, so hard. For six long days and nights I pondered on it. But how could I refuse the offer thus made? I knew that I could not much longer remain where I was, for the poor woman could not support both me and my children. I could not take my children with me. My hostess asked me to go, and in her kindness she only said 'twould do me good. She would take my children and treat them as her own. One wholenight I lay awake, and wept, and prayed for strength to do right, and, in the morning, I had resolved to go. I took my kind hostess aside, and told her my decision, and asked her if she would be a mother to my children. She said she would, and I believed her. Then I told her to rear them as her own. It was hard, but I wished to leave my children no cause of grief. I did not wish them to feel that they were orphans. So I bade the woman, if I never returned, that my children should never know they had any mother but her. She promised this joyfully. O, I could not bear that the little ones should grow up and know that their mother had deserted them. But I hoped to return a well woman, and this hope gave me strength.

"At length the time of parting came, but I would not let my children see me weep. I feared 'twould be an incident they would not forget. I kissed them in the morning while they slept, and then I went away. I shall not tell you how I wept—nor how long I wept. But it was a long, long while ere the blow passed over so as to leave me easy. We left the shore of America, and ere I had been at sea long I began to feel stronger, and the interest I felt in the little ones under my charge, relieved my heart of part of its burden. We reached England, and after remaining there some months, we went to Scotland. At Perth we fell in with the Earl of Errol, and by his invitation, Mr. Nixon stopped at his dwelling. The earl was a noble looking man, not far from forty, but as fresh and buoyant as a youth. He commenced to converse with me, and he seemed pleased with my conversation. People then called me beautiful—and perhaps I was. I had now regained my health, and when in company that I liked, I was cheerful and joyous. The earl sought my society more and more, and at length I found my heart gone. I was not happy save when he was nigh; and when he came, joy came with him.

"When the autumn came, and the winds began to shake the brown leaves from the great oaks and elms, Mr. Nixon got ready to start for France. One day, the day before we were to start, Lord Landowne, such was the earl's name, came to me, and placing his arm about my waist, he asked me if I would not remain with him. I asked him what he meant, and he told me he would have me remain to make him happy—to be his wife. I loved him truly and fondly, and I told him, yes. So Mr. Nixon went to France, and I became the wife of the earl. He loved me for myself, and I was grateful. He was all affection and truth, and I learned to worship him.

"And did I think of my children all this while? Yes, I prayed for them and I wept for them; but I dared not at first tell my husband all; but at length I felt how wrong I was doing, and I told him the whole truth. He received it kindly, and when I began to weep, he kissed me tenderly, and told me to send for my children at once. 'I have none of my own,' he said, 'and yours shall be mine. Send for them, and we will love them together.' I did send, but I could not find them. Again I sent more particularly—this time sending one of my husband's own servants. But he came back and told me that the woman with whom my children were left was dead, and that the children were both dead, too. O, it was a heavy blow!

"And years passed on, and my husband was all in all to me. I had not a wish that was not for his welfare, and he knew and approved it; and often, with his arms around me, and his cheek against mine, would he assure me that he had found the best wife in the world. By-and-by Mr. Adam Wagner came to Perth, and he became intimate with the earl. In time he learned my whole story from my husband, and then he came to me to learn it more particularly. He heard me tell all, and then he said he believed my children lived—a noble and virtuous youth and maiden. Again my soul yearned towards my native land, and my husband made up his mind that he would accompany me to America.

"But it was not so to be. The noble earl fell sick, and the doctors said he must die. He made his will, and left it, after making some few legacies to other friends, domestics, and so on, he left the whole of his vast property to me, with the condition, if my children were living, two thirds of it should go to them. He died! For awhile my heart was again all dark and drear, but soon the thoughts of my children revived me, and having placed my husband's affairs in the hands of faithful people, I went to London where I knew I should find Mr. Wagner. I found him there, and he gave me letters to Mr. Loman. He said there were two men to whom he could send me, but he feared that one of them —Mr. Beckwith—had gone West, so he sent me to Loman, telling me that that individual could help me, if any one could; and he also wrote a letter to Loman, which he sent by the mail.

"So I came to America, and as soon as I had recovered from the effects of the voyage, I sent for the merchant. He came to me, and I stated my business. He had written it all down, and I gave him the paper to read. He promised to help me if he could. He was kind and affable then, and he managed to touch my heart with his assumed kindness. He professed that he was using every exertion to find my children, and I was grateful. At length he asked me to become his wife. I thought him an honest, true man, and I sympathized with him in his professed loneliness. I told him that I could not give him an answer until we had found my children, and then I should be governed by them. But I did at length tell him, that if the children were not found within six months, I would at the end of that time give him a decided answer. But I soon began to discover things in him that I did not like. His true character would at times manifest himself.

"By-and-by I saw you both in this very room. You remember the circumstance. Sit still, Clara. Move not, my child. You remember it. Soon afterwards you were missing. One day Rosamond and myself went up into your room, and I overhauled some of your things. I found a Bible there, and in it I found the name of Nancy Varney. She was the woman with whom I left my children. I came down and found Mr. Beckwith waiting below. He informed me that Henry Wallace was missing. My suspicions were painful them. On the next day the old lawyer came to my hotel, and I began to tell him my story, when I found he knew it all. He had received a letter from Mr. Wagner, in which it was all told. He bade me go out to the place where Nancy Varney had lived, and make inquiries. I went and took Rosamond with me.

"We had some trouble, but I gained the truth. I first learned that Mrs. Varney had married a man by the name of Wallace within three months after I went away—that her second husband died in less than a year; next she was taken sick—was sick a year, and then died. From thence I traced my children to the alms-house—from thence to Mr. Adam Wagner's, and from thence to this city. One to the house of John Loman, and the other to the office of Mr. Isaiah Beckwith. Then, then—O then—I knew the deep guilt of which John Loman had been the author. He would have betrayed my children for the sake of their mother's gold! He feared that they would never consent to such a union—that they would betray his real character, and that they would claim two thirds of the wealth he coveted!

"I came back and stopped at Mr. Beckwith's hotel. He was not in, but I found his son who had just returned from sea. He knew me by my resemblance to the miniature that he had seen in the seal that Henry had given into his father's hands. He spoke to me of Clara, and when we had come to an understanding, I told him all I had learned. He came here with me, determined to wring the truth from Loman. But you have seen it all—you have seen all the wondrous developments that have combined to bring out the truth.

"Henry—Clara—"

They knew 'twas their own mother that spoke to them, and they now gave way to the emotions that had been struggling within them, since the strange story was commenced.

A moment more, and the three were upon their knees together, and their sweet tears mingled in one pure stream of holy joy.

After a while, when they had become more calm, they sat together on the sofa, and the happy mother told over more of her past life. The story of the iron cross was told over again, and when Clara had told how it had served her, the mother clasped it to her bosom with prayerful emotions.

"O," she uttered, "little did I think, when I left this simple memento with Mrs. Varney, and bade her give it to you, that it would possess ever such power."

"Ah," added Henry, "it is worthy a place among the archives of a monarch. It is worth to us all our gold, for had it not been for this simple bit of homely iron, we three might never have met again."

"Yet," said the mother, "I should have known you were my children, for Rosamond told me of the iron cross, and then I knew you. When I first saw you, I felt drawn towards you, but your name puzzled me, I did not see how my children could have gained the name of Wallace."

"But," said Henry, "did not Mr. Wagner tell you where we were?"

"No, he told me nothing of you. But in his subsequent letter to Mr. Beckwith, he explains the reason. He feared that there might be some mistake—or that some accident might have happened, and he would not raise my hopes too much. He supposed Mr. Loman would know the truth at once, and that as soon as I applied to him, and explained my business, he would at once conduct my children to me. But come, it is growing dark, and our friends may wish—"

At this moment came a gentle tap upon the door.

"Come in," said the countess.

It was Rosamond and Captain Beckwith.

"It is all told," said the mother.

Rosamond clasped her hands with joy, and on the next moment was resting on Henry's bosom.

"Madam," said the captain, approaching and taking Clara's hand, "may I not share your joy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this sweet charge, may she be mine?"

"Yes, and God's blessing with her."

"And I," cried Rosamond, crying and laughing by tears, "this is the hour of new life-paths, and I must ask for mine."

"Stop, Rosamond," spoke Henry; and then turning to his mother, he said:

"You will take this sweet girl for your daughter?"

"Yes—yes."

* * * * *

When the happy party returned to the drawing room, Mr. Loman and Alberto Lacompte were both gone. The latter had proved himself a villain of the deepest dye, but as he could not be punished without dragging Loman down with him, he was allowed to go. But the old lawyer assured him that sharp eyes were upon him, and that another sin would fall heavily on him with its consequences.

It was late when the merchant returned, and with him came Arabella. She was humbled and mortified, and the lesson was one she never forgot. She had escaped ruin, and she resolved that she would never again trust any one for what they appeared.

Mr. Loman took a severe cold that evening, the heated state of his system helping to fasten it upon him. He grew sick, and the physicians were called, but they could not save him. He died—and those whom he had so deeply wronged were by his bedside to forgive him. Rosamond felt assured that her father's soul was truly contrite and repentant, and he was hopeful with joy and peace.

The summer passed away, and when autumn came, there were weddings in the noble mansion that Matilda Landowne had purchased. Henry and Rosamond, Captain Beckwith and Clara, were united in those bonds that truth and virtue make the happiest on earth. But see! After this is done, the stout old lawyer takes Madame Landowne by the hand and leads her forward. He holds her by the hand, and the clergyman speaks to them, just the same as he had but a few moments before spoken to those whom he had married. Surely, they are to be married! Yes! Hark! There it goes—and the happy countess has flung her title away, and become plain Mrs. Isaiah Beckwith.

O, how the younger people laugh and clap their hands. Arabella is as happy as the rest, for by her side sits a worthy man—a young merchant in good business—who is soon to become her husband.

But the joy of that evening was not to end there. No, that was but the budding of those new relations that were to make joy for a lifetime.

One day after the snow of winter had come, Henry bethought himself of hunting up Mrs. O'Brady, to see if out of his abundance he could help her. He found the house, but it was locked up. He met a policeman on the corner, by the closed window of the old [illegible] him he asked concerning the old [illegible] to keep there.

"Gone off," replied the [illegible] her pals—three reg'lar, out-an- [illegible] caught in some scrape, an' they [illegible] but afore we could nab 'em, they [illegible] But never mind. They're [illegible] here."

So Henry returned bootless, [illegible] he was sure that the three [illegible] were none other than Lacom [illegible] Walsh. As for Mrs. O'Brady, [illegible] member her but with gratitude, [illegible] Clara, when they sometimes [illegible] ros- case, which they kept sacr- [illegible] pray for the peace of the unfortun- [illegible] they knew to be more the vict- [illegible] than the designing sinner, and [illegible] life was more the result of a fail- [illegible] than of any principles innate w- [illegible]

THE END.

SCENE IN A POLICE [illegible]

The prisoner in this case, [illegible] Dickey Swivel, alias "Stove [illegible] placed at the bar, and questione- [illegible] the following effect:

"Bring the prisoner into [illegible] judge.

"Here I is, bound to blaze, a- [illegible] pentine said when it was all [illegible] Pete.

"We will take a little of the [illegible] How do you live?"

"I sant particular, as the o- [illegible] they axed him if he'd be fried o- [illegible]

"We don't want to hear wha- [illegible] or the spirits of turpentine either [illegible] follow."

"Anything that comes in my [illegible] motive said when he run over th- [illegible]

"We don't care anything ab- [illegible] tive. What's your business?"

"That's various, as the cat sa- [illegible] the chicken off the plate."

"That comes nearer the line, [illegible] "Altogether in my line, as th- [illegible] it was choking the pirate."

"If I hear any more absurd [illegible] will give you twelve months."

"I am done, as the beefsteak s- [illegible]

"Now, sir, your punishment [illegible] the shortness and correctness o- [illegible] I suppose you live by going run- [illegible]

"No, sir, I can't go round th- [illegible] a boat, and I haint got none."

"Answer me; how do you ge- [illegible]

"Sometimes at the baker's, [illegible] eat tater."

"No more of your stupid ins- [illegible] you support yourself?"

"Sometimes on my leg, and [illegible] cheer (chair)."

"I order you now to answer t- [illegible] rectly. How do you do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, [illegible] you do?"

"I shall have to commit you [illegible]

"Vel, you've commit yours- [illegible] some consolation."—*Philadelph-*

CONSEQUENCES OF HAD [illegible]

An English paper exclaims, [illegible] of mortification at the present [illegible] of the nation: "England, the [illegible] in the world, the mistress of th- [illegible] dian of the Protestant faith, [illegible] constitutional liberty, the libere- [illegible] —England, with its enormous [illegible] steam and mechanical power, w- [illegible] clothe and enlighten the whol- [illegible] sons who fear no danger, a- [illegible] which are sublime,—this, our r- [illegible] its merry banter, its sublime [illegible] spired literature, and its gl- [illegible] England, with her arms round [illegible] world, and her energies gigantic [illegible] yet, two hundred years after the [illegible] and the Commonwealth, incapab- [illegible] progress; and behold her lie lo- [illegible] at the feet of the nations, h- [illegible] Eastern quarrels, dishonored by [illegible] and paralyzed in all her migh- [illegible] wherefore! The people are [illegible] blood is the same—the intell- [illegible] same—the very atmosphere is [illegible] as before—nay, in our indust- [illegible] have gained ground every day, [illegible] country multiplies and become- [illegible] gold, the means and appliance- [illegible] increase, and yet we sink. The- [illegible] —we are not governed well. [illegible] governed ill when the people d- [illegible] is useless for England to try ou- [illegible] trative reform, unless they refo- [illegible] ment altogether by changing its

A FIRE AT CONSTANT[illegible]

The Rev. Mr. Righter, the ag- [illegible] can Bible Society, in a letter fr- [illegible] ple, says that one of the finest [illegible] city, belonging to the Sultan, [illegible] to the flames. The writer wa- [illegible] when the fire broke out, and sa- [illegible] ing in flames. The wind was [illegible] time, and fears were entertain- [illegible] of that part of the city. "I [illegible] Mr. H., "was fearful beyond [illegible] see the fire spreading from [illegible] column after column falling; th- [illegible] niture of the richest kind, and [illegible] magnitude at hand, was most [illegible] were men, called firemen, rushi- [illegible] ters with their little pump en- [illegible] as all could such machines be [illegible] Again, there were perhaps not i- [illegible] men flying from the harem, in [illegible] fusion, and without their veils [illegible] lowed by the eunuchs, who en- [illegible] vent their escape. The pashas [illegible] guards to prevent robbery, and [illegible] mosts of the people to the [illegible] water to prevent their dwellin- [illegible] fire, while others were employ- [illegible] furniture to places of safety. [illegible] two hours, and was then check- [illegible] on the hill-side."

CAPE COD VILLA[illegible]

The villages that have sprung [illegible] shore of the Cape, within the pa- [illegible] among the most marvels of [illegible] their rise and growth to the [illegible] maritime enterprise of the peopl- [illegible] are their business energetically [illegible] profitably, in spite of the nature- [illegible] of their position. There are fe- [illegible] coast to shield the vessels from [illegible] and shoals and bars beset the h- [illegible] side. It takes a great expe- [illegible] wharf structures, and make the [illegible] pure, in such a locality, but the [illegible] south shore neighbors has enal- [illegible] mount all these obstacles, and to [illegible] home of an enormous and pros- [illegible] and to deal on a coast, for b- [illegible] pretty and flourishing villages [illegible] houses, halls and churches lift t- [illegible] steward, and, as we trust, soon [illegible] in the same direction.—*Yarmout-*

the closed window of the old groggery, and of him he asked concerning the old woman who used to keep there.

"Gone off," replied the officer. "Some of her pals—three reg'lar, out-an'-out villains, got caught in some scrape, an' they was traced here, but afore we could nab 'em, they'd got clear off. But never mind. They're better away than here."

So Henry returned bootless, save in news, for he was sure that the three villains alluded to were none other than Lacompte, Snap and Walsh. As for Mrs. O'Brady, he could not remember her but with gratitude, and both he and Clara, when they sometimes looked upon the *iron cross*, which they kept sacred, were wont to pray for the peace of the unfortunate being whom they knew to be more the victim of prejudice than the designing sinner, and whose degraded life was more the result of a false state of society than of any principles innate within herself.

THE END.

SCENE IN A POLICE COURT.

The prisoner in this case, whose name was Dickey Swivel, alias "Stove Pipe Pete," was placed at the bar, and questioned by the judge to the following effect:

"Bring the prisoner into court," said the judge.

"Here I is, bound to blaze, as the spirits turpentine said when it was all afire," answered Pete.

"We will take a little of the fire out of you. How do you live?"

"I aint particular, as the oyster said when they axed him if he'd be fried or roasted."

"We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirits of turpentine either. What do you follow?"

"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over the little nigger."

"We don't care anything about the locomotive. What's your business?"

"That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the plate."

"That comes nearer the line, I suppose."

"Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was hanging the cook."

"If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months."

"I am done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

"Now, sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going round the docks?"

"No, sir, I can't go round the docks without a boat, and I haint got none."

"Answer me; how do you get your bread?"

"Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat tater."

"No more of your stupid insolence. How do you support yourself?"

"Sometimes on my leg, and sometimes on a cheer (chair)."

"I order you now to answer this question correctly. How do you do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, judge; how do you do?"

"I shall have to commit you."

"Vel, you've commit yourself, fust, that's some consolation."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

CONSEQUENCES OF BAD GOVERNMENT.

An English paper exclaims, in the bitterness of mortification at the present humiliated state of the nation: "England, the richest country in the world, the mistress of the ocean, the guardian of the Protestant faith, the protector of constitutional liberty, the liberator of the slave, —England, with its enormous appliances of steam and mechanical power, with its ability to clothe and enlighten the whole earth, with its sons ever to be found in the high-angled, two story, green-blinded, pert Yankee house, as much as the broad-built, slow, unenterprising Dutchman does from his spare, quick, and go-ahead compatriot of the New England States. These old houses are fast disappearing from the immediate environs of New York, but at the distance of a few miles you find specimens abundant. They are apt to have one or two gigantic elm or buttonwood trees in front, and there is always at least one Althea in the garden-plot or door-yard. There were two in front of Garret Von Voorst's—I remember them well.

It may be well imagined that Garret was looked upon as an eligible match, so far as his property and position were concerned. By continuing to carry on the business of his father, he might readily have attained to competence or even wealth; at any rate he could support a wife handsomely, and provide well for any given number of children. But the young heir did not seem inclined to connubialize. Neither was he any better disposed to the business of his father. He sold off all his cows but one, ploughed in the green corn which his father had planted for fodder, and sowed his entire patrimony with oats. In a few days a pair of prancing colts made their appearance in his barn; and with this plunge in *medias res*, Garret commenced the business of a horse-dealer. From his youth upward, he had been silently developing a passion for horses. When an infant, he had been lulled to sleep by the jingling of a bridle or a pair of spurs. It is true that he was descended by his father's side from the "Van Pelts of Groodt Esopus, dexterous horsemen," according to Diedrich Knickerbocker, so that blood had something to do with it. Very shortly after learning to walk he was placed upon a horse's back, and from that time forward he may be said to have almost lived in the saddle. If a neighbor wanted his horse taken to the farrier's or to the spring, young Garret Van Voorst was always at hand to volunteer his services. When a colt was to be broken, he was the first to mount the animal, and he used, when a little older, darkly to hint to the boys who stood in awe of his equestrian genius, that he once rode a two-year old up the Union Course, when a celebrated turfman wanted a feather-weight upon the saddle. At any time young Garret would have walked three miles for the sake of riding one. His father kept but one sorry nag that had been purchased out of a sand-cart, and which young Van Voorst was too proud to ride or drive, but as he was continually doing odd jobs for livery stable keepers, he was never at a loss for the means of witching the world with his wondrous horseman-ship. And great was his glory, when upon a holiday, the glorious Fourth, or Evacuation Day, he could sally forth upon a prancing pony, the observed of all observers. The crosser-grained and more unruly the animal he bestrode, the greater his delight. In this way he grew up, and from constant association with his four-footed companions, he came to approximate to them in character and appearance. His ears became as flexible as a pony's, and their motion would pretty generally indicate the thoughts that were passing in his mind. His laugh was a horse-laugh; his giggle was a neigh. He had a way of curling up his lips and the epidermis of his nose, that reminded you of a horse the moment you glanced at him. When he moved through the streets in a hurry on foot (which was very seldom), he cantered. He had picked up, by unconscious imitation, many vices from the cross animals with which chance brought him in contact. He grew obstinate from associating with a stalking mare; fickle and insincere from training a baulky horse; irresolute from riding a nag that always refused his fences.

There was no horse he was afraid of—none that he could not perfectly subdue in the course of a few days. With little study of the veterinary art, he effected some wonderful cures; it has even been reported that he cured a bone spavin.

Garret's manner varied very much. He essayed to be all things to all men. He had jockey-slang and flash talk for turfites and fast men with whom he dealt, while, when trading with a clergyman or an eminent merchant, his language was moderate and humble, his voice low, and his bearing so meek, that, but for a roguish twinkle in the corner of his eyes, and a nervous twitching in his ears, you would have thought him a saint on earth.

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I remember well his passing off one of these born brutes on an aged and rather nervous gentleman of Brooklyn. The animal was a strapping grey, sixteen hands high, strong as an elephant and ferocious as a tiger, when it came into Van Voorst's hands. He had almost every vice belonging to his species. He stalked, he bit, he ran back, he kicked, he reared. Garret had his hands full for some days, but starvation and whip cord made him amenable to rule. Yet though Garret could now drive him with a silken rein, a steel chain in any other hand would not have curbed him. At last, however, he was deemed sufficiently manageable to be quiet in strange hands for two or three days, and Garret drove him down in his gig to the nervous gentleman's. The nervous gentleman admired the appearance of the nag, his fiery eye and flexible nostril, his proud gait and silken shining coat, but asked:

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"What do you want for this superb animal?"

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"I've only jest one thing to say about the horse," said Garret, as he stowed away the check in a little dark wallet; "he's mighty particular about his harness. If you put a hundred dollar harness on him, he'll be so proud and vain that Old Nick himself couldn't hold him. And if you put a very cheap, mean harness on him, he'll run away and break everything to bits. But if you give him a harness worth from twenty-five to thirty dollars, he'll be satisfied, and go just right."

"That's very strange," said the nervous gentleman.

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The next week the nervous gentleman was run away with, and his carriage dashed to pieces, while the horse came foaming home to Garret's, with nothing but a snaffle-bitted bridle on him. The purchaser made his appearance the next day full of indignation to demand an explanation. But Garret was before-hand with him.

"Didn't you drive the grey in a bran new harness?

"Yes."

"How much did you pay for it?"

"Forty dollars."

"I thought so from the looks of the head stall. It's your own fault. I told you thirty—but you couldn't be satisfied with that, and pride was the ruination of you."

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"Give me the money and he's yours, and when you come across a horse that isn't more nice than wise, let me know—that's all."

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FETE AT THE TUILLERIES.

BY SMITH ELY, JR.

High carnival of mirth—
Mirth by imperial edict, care and fear
No entrance find; yet round the scene appear
Dim shadows, not of earth.

Hovering o'er dance and feast,
Gaunt, ghastly ghosts in thick battalions throng;
Scarred spectres, honored in the drunken song—
The army of the East.

A ghastlier vision starts—
Red-cinctured Revolution, gross with age,
Treading a wine-press, crushing in hot rage
Clusters of human hearts.

A regal feast and dance!
Round tables spread with "funeral baked meat,"
O'er greedy graves that gape 'neath gilding feet,
Hush for merry France!

THE HORSE-DEALER.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

Garret Van Voorst was a worthy whose acquaintance we made some years ago, in that part of Brooklyn, Long Island, called the Wallabout, where he resided on a small homestead which had been left him by his father, a pains-taking milkman, who managed a pretty extensive dairy. Both the old gentleman and lady died about the same time, and as Garret was an only child, he might be, and indeed was, regarded by the neighboring gossips very much in the light that a semi-millionaire is in the city. The property, the possession of which now devolved upon Garret, consisted of a six-acre lot, well planted with fruit trees and currant-bushes, with a small patch of roses and lilacs in front of the house. The mansion was one of those one-story houses which abound so on Long Island, or in fact, wherever the descendants of the Dutch exist; snug enough boxes with double pitched roofs, and long projecting eaves, apt to be a little curved up like the roof of an Italian verandah. These projecting eaves afford a shelter to the *stoop* or piazza, of which there is generally one in the front and another in the rear of the house. The most common material of these houses is stone, but the gables are built of brick; they are rarely painted, whitewash being deemed more cleanly and economical. In the old colonial houses the date of the erection is generally inscribed in iron characters on one of the gables. The windows are always furnished with substantial wooden shutters instead of Venetian blinds, and the front door generally opens in two horizontal parts, the upper portion being furnished with two great bull's eyes to admit light into the hall. The houses are by no means deficient of a certain picturesqueness, and far from uncomfortable. Very often from the high-angled, two story, green-blinded, pert Yankee house, as much as the broad-built, slow, unenterprising Dutchman does from his spare, quick, and go-ahead compatriot of the New England States. These old houses are fast disappearing from the immediate environs of New York, but at the distance of a few miles you find specimens abundant. They are apt to have one or two gigantic elm or buttonwood trees in front, and there is always at least one Althea in the garden-plot or door-yard. There were two in front of Garret Von Voorst's—I remember them well.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

CHILDHOOD'S LAUGH.

BY FREDERICK A. PARMENTER.

Like to the chime of silver bells,
Soft ringing, pure and clear,
Is childhood's laugh, all soft and low,
Sweet striking on the ear.

'Tis like the voice of wreathed shells,
When blows the seaside breeze;
When they breathe forth low music, soft,
Like rustling of the leaves.

'Tis always full of brightest joy,
Its tones so pure and clear;
Before its cadence, low and soft,
Is hushed, by e'en a fear.

It makes the old feel young again;
It fills their heart with joy—
And takes them back to other days,
When life had no alloy.

O, may it ever be thus bright!
No sorrow may it know;
To hush its silver accents pure,
Or plunge them deep in woe.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A VISIT TO MY BACHELOR UNCLE.

BY T. A. KERMODE.

We had just been one week in Philadelphia, having previously lived in England, when the postman's rat-tat brought me quickly down stairs, and I heard him say: "A letter for Miss Ida Mortimer."

"Who could it be from!" thought I, and hastily breaking the seal, I read to my astonishment, —"Uncle Mortimer will be happy to see his niece, Ida, at his residence, one mile from Keisterstown. Uncle Mortimer is well known, and any person will direct his niece to the farm."

Running up to papa, I asked him to read the note, and tell me what was to be done.

Now, my dear readers, I will inform you in confidence that I had not seen my uncle Mortimer for fifteen years, and was quite a child when he visited us in England, and a great favorite with him too. I must also tell you that he was immensely rich, and very eccentric, and had reached the age of fifty-two, and had never been married.

I looked at papa anxiously, trying to read his decision in his countenance. He smiled as he put the note on the table, and said:

"Well, Ida, my love, I suppose you must go. You know I wrote to your uncle, informing him that we should stay at this hotel for the present, and he has answered my note speedily (in a fashion). Your brother John has to go to Baltimore in a couple of days on business, if you can be ready to accompany him then, he will see you into the stage. Your uncle will probably meet you in the town, if he should not, you can hire a carriage."

I told papa I could easily be ready, and proceeded in high glee to make my arrangements. The two days passed away, and on the morning of the third, the carriage drove up to the door. John handed me in, and we were soon at the railway station. We then took our places in the cars, and in eight hours reached Baltimore. At precisely eight, the next morning, John saw me safely in the stage, wishing me good-by. The driver cracked his whip, and we started at a fair rate for Keisterstown.

I amused myself with reading for some time, but getting tired of that, fell fast asleep, and was pleasantly dreaming of my old home, when somebody yelled, "Here we are, miss;" and, waking up, I perceived that the passengers had all alighted. I felt rather confused, as I looked round to see if there was any person there like the uncle I had pictured, but the place was comparatively clear, and walking up to an individual dressed in short, gray pants, swallow-tailed coat, straw hat, and low shoes with very broad toes, I inquired if he would direct me to Mr. Herbert Mortimer's residence.

"Mr. Mortimer? ahem!—yes," he replied, "he lives at Cow Farm, a mile from here."

"Cow Farm! what a name," said I, involuntarily.

"Well, miss, there's a lot of cows there, I reckon. The country folks christened it. It is a queer name, and the old fellow that lives there is kind of queer too. Are you going to stay there long, miss?"

"I cannot tell," I replied. "Do you know Mr. Mortimer?"

"Well, yes. I guess you're the niece he's expecting; I'm going up there now, and will take you in my buggy, if you like."

I thanked him, and accepted his offer, and then inquired if my uncle kept much company.

"Yes, miss; he has a hundred cows, ten of them calved last week; a fine lot of sheep, and geese, ducks, and roosters. I should say he is not short of company."

"He must be crazy!" said I. "A pretty place to invite a young lady to—cows, sheep, and roosters, indeed! Pshaw! I wish I could go right home."

"Well, miss," resumed the stranger, "I guess you'll be pretty comfortable, he's a jolly old fellow, but he has a great horror of city manners."

I felt vexed with the description of my uncle and his home, and remained silent the rest of the drive. My companion, with what seemed to me an uncommonly sly look in his eyes, whistled Yankee Doodle as loud as he could till he reached the farm. Throwing the reins to a boy, he said, "Ho, housekeeper, show this lady to her room, while I go and hunt up her uncle."

The old lady smiled, and nodded, and I followed her up stairs.

The housekeeper said, "Dinner is ready, miss. I expect you are ready for it, too."

I hastily changed my dress and followed her down stairs into the dining-room (a handsomely furnished one by the way). "Miss Ida Mortimer," said she.

And a gentleman who was sitting on an easy chair, arose.

I perceived to my astonishment, my companion from the town, though he had changed his comical looking suit for one of broad-cloth.

"How does my niece, Ida, think she will like the cows, sheep, and roosters?" he inquired.

I made no reply, but obeying an odd impulse, I pulled his ears till he cried out, "Hold, enough! Oh! Oh! say, you monkey, let go my ears!"

I scolded him heartily for his deception. But he said, "it was a capital joke—ha! ha! ha! a capital joke—" till I was almost tempted to give his ears pull number two.

We had just seated ourselves at table, when the door opened, and a tall, lanky individual entered. He wore pants that reached a little below his knees, coarse hose, cowhide boots, a short swallow-tailed coat and a sugar-loaf hat. I concluded that he was the person who had the care of the "company."

My uncle rose, and went through the ceremony of introduction in the following manner:

"My niece, Miss Ida, Zeb. Ida, my love, this is my confidential man. You *scoundrel*, you, why do you not bow to the lady?"

He tried to do so, but upset a large chair, trod upon the dog's toes, making it bring forth discordant bow-wows, and knocked some beautiful plants off a stand.

My uncle and I laughed heartily, and after he had with great effort put things a little to rights again, he sat down to dinner.

My friend of the cowhides ate voraciously. Happening to look across the table, and seeing me smiling, he put his elbows into the soup dish, knocking it and the contents to the floor, and seizing his hat, he made his exit in a most unceremonious manner.

My uncle's merry laugh again rang out; he said, "Zeb is in love with you, Ida, he never acts so, only when under the influence of the tender passion." I made push the second at his ears, but he covered them up and immediately promised "better behaviour."

When the dinner things were removed, as it looked too gloomy to walk out, I asked my uncle to tell me why he had never been married. Putting on a look of mock-seriousness, he said, "Well, you little fairy, I'll tell you. When I was about thirty, I should have been married to a young lady named Annie McGregor. One morning, about a week before the time appointed for our marriage, I called to see my lady-love, and was shown into a room with folding doors. The lady was in the other part, and did not know that I was in the house. She was in a great passion about something, and when the maid began to say that 'Mr. Mortimer was—' she did not get any further—but was interrupted with, 'Don't speak to *me, madam!*' and I had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing myself called a 'jackass,' and a 'thick headed mule.' So ended my first courtship. I went home, and nursed my disappointment for ten years. I then went wooing a fair young creature named Minnie Lawson; I loved her, I can tell you; but I had the misfortune to hear her tell a young companion, that she had broken off her engagement with Harry Lee, to 'marry that old dotard, Mortimer. But then you know, dear,' she said, 'he has money, and I can spend it first-rate—if he is an old tool.' I never tried again in the lottery of matrimony, as I had drawn *two* blanks, and am just coming out of my disappointment now." I sympathized with him, in the unfortunate termination of his courtships, and was soon as great a favorite with him as I was when a child.

A fortnight passed pleasantly away, and I did not feel tired of my uncle or his "company." We went riding every morning at five o'clock, and the confidential man, the scoundrel, etc., continued every day at dinner to go through a variety of antics, which, my uncle assured me, were meant in admiration of myself.

But everything pleasant has an end, and I felt disappointed when I received a note from John, requesting my immediate return to Philadelphia, as papa was very sick. I wished my kind uncle good-by, and taking with me a lock of my admirer's hair, cut off his head with a pair of sheep-shears, and resembling tow, departed. I have promised to visit Uncle Mortimer again, soon, and will then give you chapter second of my adventures.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The London (England) Advertiser, speaking of the United States and Great Britain, uses the following language:—

"Contemplate England, groaning with taxation, and struggling in a sanguinary war; with her trade deranged, her populace discontented, her government the corrupt machine of an oligarchy, and her revenues squandered for she knows not what; and contrast her with America—the American and British cabinet ministers treat with so much indifference, whose statesmen are cultivating the arts of peace, and whose commerce is gathering a golden harvest in the nation. She it is that stands boldly forward to her civil greatness; she it is that presents a striking contrast to the military despotisms of Europe; she it is that—with her thousand miles of unguarded coast, her unwalled cities, her meagre navy, confidence within herself the elements necessary to a great military nation. Peace reigns at her fireside; her throne is not in mourning. Her legislators are devising means to relieve an overflowing treasury, her trade is vigorous, her people are increasing beyond comparison in wealth. Would that we could say the same! England spends her blood and treasure in fighting the battles of unthankful neighbors. America fights only her own battles—she fights them quick and well."

TAKING THE CENSUS.

The following colloquy lately took place one week between the census marshal and a German.

"Who lives here?"

"Yaw."

"What's your name?"

"Sharmany on the Rhine."

"What's your father's name?"

"Nix for straw."

"When did you arrive in Albany?"

"Mit a steamboat."

"Got any children?"

"Yaw—two barrels mit krout."

"How long have you lived in this house?"

"Two rooms and der basement."

"Who owns the building?"

"I pays noting. Hans pays the same twice a month."

"Where did you live last year?"

"Across der red store as you come up mit de market in your right hand, behind der pump what belongs to de blacksmid shop.—*Cleveland Herald.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOPE.

BY MARIE S. ADD.

Down in the heart's deep shadows
There singeth the livelong day,
A little bird with a witching voice,
A gently soothing lay.

It singeth a song of sunshine,
Tossing the boughs about,
That shaded with gloom the merry heart,
Till its light had nigh gone out.

It singeth a song so cheery,
It pleaseth the soul to hear;
The eyelid, no longer weary,
Ceaseth to drop the tear;

Winning the soul to gladness,
Winning it on to light,
Frightening away grim sadness,
That bringeth the soul its blight.

Though oft its voice is syren,
And its words contain no truth,
I care not, so long as it singeth
The merry hopes of youth.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STUDENT'S INTRIGUE.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

THE term was over, vacation commenced, and the majority of the students had departed to their several homes, or to some gay watering place, to pass the two months of leisure which followed the examinations. The few who remained at their lodgings were either over-studious men, striving for the honors, or those who, without thought of honors, were endeavoring to make up in the vacation for the time wasted the previous term.

Three persons, however, yet haunted the deserted spot, and prowled listlessly about the accustomed places, for a different reason from either of the foregoing. These persons were my old chum—Dick Rhombus, who was preparing himself for the profession of a civil engineer, Jack Amputate, who intended to become a second Astley Cooper, and myself, who never expected to become much of anything, a glowing fancy of my youthful years, which, unlike most of the hopes and dreams of that period, has not been doomed to disappointment.

The reason of our still remaining, objectless, about the college, was from no disinclination upon our part to participate in the pleasures of our gay and more fortunate classmates. On the contrary, none would have enjoyed with keener zest a summer tour, or a sea side flirtation, than ourselves, had such a thing been possible; but the old stalwort curse, that for ages has kept so many stout fellows fettered, supine and inactive, who otherwise might have kicked and cuffed the world into an acknowledgement of their abilities and deservings, had fallen heavily upon us, and poverty, like the old gentleman, who burdened the shoulders of that much-enduring mariner, Captain Sinbad, clung to us with a pertinacity that mocked our efforts to shake off the unloved companionship, shook we ever so fiercely or so well.

The similarity of our circumstances and tastes, as well as the fact that we were the only lodgers in the same house, made us fast and constant friends—not that we were the only ones in the college who writhed under the disgrace of poverty, but they were mostly men whose temperament differed materially from ours. In our heart of hearts, we felt ourselves superior to the poor students of our time. It is true, not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble, stumbled over the rickety stairs, or bumped their heads against the corners of the dark passage in the endeavor to find the way to our attic, nor was their acquaintance desired; for to poor men of wealthy ideas, like ourselves, a rich companion could only be a source of humiliation. From the sublime pinnacle of poverty we looked down with calm contempt alike upon the rich, who gave themselves airs, and the poor, who paid court to them. Ourselves were companions to ourselves, and any venturesome spirit who endeavored to penetrate our little coterie, speedily discovered that the party was composed of precisely one individual too many; our pursuits were not their pursuits, nor their pleasures our pleasures; the popping of champagne corks, the boisterous shout and ribald song was not the music to our ears that it is to your drunkards; neither did we delight in unprovoked assaults upon peaceable watchmen, like your rowdies; nor cultivate ballet dancers, and such like cattle, like your libertines. Our amusements were of a more sober and orthodox sort; nor was there any necessity that we should distinguish ourselves in any of these pursuits, as our college, without any help from us, was bountifully supplied with young gentlemen who were perfect adepts in most every description of fashionable villany.

Long and able arguments took place in our rooms upon the subject of the immense importance and dignity of man, considered as a stark-naked animal without a copper to his name. But these discussions never generated any hard feelings among us, as we invariably took the affirmative side of the question, and the decision was always unanimous. Voluminous articles, treating of the vanity of wealth and its possessors, and abounding in scathing sarcasm, were despatched periodically to the office of the University Gazette, in which interesting sheet, the mammon-serving and unappreciative editor usually caused the titles only to appear, under the head of "articles declined." Interminable walks strengthened our muscles, and very short black pipes, with very strong tobacco, was our only dissipation. Upon the whole, it is probable we enjoyed ourselves quite as well as our more favored classmates.

Looking back upon those times, however, I am inclined to think that our pursuits and pleasures might not have been so blameless, had we possessed the means of gratifying our tastes and appetites; as with all our affected contempt of wealth and the vanities of the world, we could not help sometimes repining at our lot; for we were young, and say what you will, young people *do* yearn and hanker after the vanities; and very right and proper it is, that, so far as they are innocent, they should be indulged in. As it was not possible for us to indulge, we made a virtue of necessity, and viewed with supreme contempt every species of amusement that involved expenditure.

A deep sigh would, however, occasionally escape along with the tobacco smoke, as we saw some of our favored classmates whirling along in a dashing turnout, or with "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," doing the agreeable to a bevy of young beauties, with any one of whom we would have given all our worldly possessions to be upon such intimate terms. But envious or repining thoughts were speedily banished with good old stoical resolution, and though our path lay across the slough of despond, we pushed stoutly onward, well knowing the treacherous ground upon which we trod, that did we stop to gaze at and envy the happiness of others, ourselves would inevitably be mired and lost.

There was one object, however, for which every young rascal in the university, including ourselves, wished and strove in vain, the wealthy and aristocratic being equally unsuccessful with ourselves. Opposite the college green, stood an old mansion of imposing appearance, occupied by a stern-looking, hard-featured, elderly gentleman of decidedly unprepossessing form and address, who had under his charge as a ward, a veritable angel—at least, she went by no other name among the students, than "our angel," and there was a sort of tradition among them to the effect that she had by some accident in early life lost her wings, and was only stopping at her then residence until they should grow again, when they might expect any fine morning to see her soaring upwards with all the velocity and twice the grace of Mr. Green, the celebrated aeronaut.

The history of this young lady was perfectly well known to every individual connected with the college, and was the first lesson learned by the young student upon being introduced to his Alma Mater. She was the only daughter of an old gentleman, who had passed the greater portion of his life in India, where he had accumulated an immense fortune, counting, it was said, by millions. This daughter was the child of his old age and the delight of his heart, the declared heiress of his enormous wealth. Upon the death of his wife, which occurred soon after the birth of her child, he gave up his business in disgust, and with his daughter and his wealth, returned to England, to the home of his boyhood—and the old house before mentioned had for years been closed. But the change of scene and occupation acted unfavorably upon a debilitated constitution, and he had barely time to set his temporal house in order, before he was summoned to undertake that long journey beyond the river, leaving his daughter and property to the sole care and guardianship of an old India friend, in whom he placed the most implicit confidence. But our angel, or Mary Addison, to use the name which of right belonged to her, found a wide difference between the indulgent care of her father and the stern severity of her guardian, who at once adopted a course of proceedings which called down upon his head the loud and deep maledictions of the students, if not the young lady herself.

At the time of which I write, she had arrived at that age of ages, seventeen, and certainly a more lovely creature never stood beneath a sunshade, or dazzled the eyes and understandings of susceptible young gentlemen, than when, at long intervals, her graceful little figure emerged from the gloomy and unused portals of the lonely mansion, and tripped lightly, yet fearfully, across the college green.

It was in vain the more adventurous and aspiring of our companions sought an acquaintance with the object of our adoration; the jealous care of her guardian prevented the most distant approach to familiarity. From the death of her father, any other man than himself had never crossed the threshold, and as for all the society she enjoyed, she might as well have been in solitary confinement in the tower.

The object of her guardian in thus secluding her, was believed by the students—and subsequently found to be the fact—that he had, by speculating largely in her funds, met with enormous losses, and in some degree impaired the fortune held in trust for his ward, whose marriage he had every reason to dread, as his mismanagement would thereby be exposed, and himself deprived of the use of her large inheritance. Such a proceeding, you may be sure, caused him to be held in abhorrence; for pretty girls were not plenty in our time—indeed, they have not multiplied surprisingly since. The cold-blooded cruelty of keeping such a divinity before our eyes, without permitting her to be approached, was a sin that could not be forgiven. The facts concerning this young lady had often been the topic of conversation between myself and friends, but with so many more favored competitors in the field, we never dared so much as hope to make her acquaintance.

It was the custom with us to assemble in Jack Amputate's room every evening to smoke our pipes, and enjoy ourselves as well as might be. For nearly two years we had scarcely been separated a single evening. If one took it into his head to go out, the other two accompanied him. So inseparable had we become, that no one ever thought of seeing one of us alone. When by any chance such an unlikely circumstance did occur, questions were showered upon us from all quarters, as to what disease our friend died of, whether he was resigned to the melancholy event, and such like.

But a change, great and unexpected, disturbed the harmony of our social triangle; there was disaffection in the camp, and Dick Rhombus was the traitor. He began by absenting himself, perhaps one or two nights in the week, gradually increasing to every night when it did not rain. This was not to be borne; we demanded an explanation; Dick refused to give any. We threatened to expel him from our society, but he begged so hard to be allowed to remain, that we consented, upon his solemn assurance that he was doing nothing we could disapprove, as he would shortly convince us, although it would be a breach of confidence to explain at that time.

We were forced to be content with this partial but by no means satisfactory disclaimer, though we felt hurt that he should keep any secrets from us. We endeavored as much as possible to keep up the good old jovial times when Dick was in, but it would not do; there was restraint upon one side, and want of confidence upon the other. Jack and myself became quite dull and mopish; Dick, on the contrary, improved in spirits the longer his transgressions continued.

But his going out nights, without informing us whither he went, although bad enough in itself, was as nothing compared with the enormity we were destined to behold with our own eyes. A bundle was left at the house during Dick's absence, directed to him. Jack and myself, as a matter-of-course, instituted a strict search into the contents. What was our indignation and horror to behold a bran-new dress-coat, black satin vest, and yellow doeskin pants! Now we knew Dick had no money, and as for credit, that was among the impossibilities. We were all in debt to every tailor within a circuit of ten miles, and had it been to save our lives, not one of us could have got trusted for a single farthing. We left the articles in Dick's room, determined that he should explain himself that very night, on pain of instant expulsion from the house. Having decided fully upon this, we returned to our rooms to await his coming; but the sly dog slipped in unobserved, and changing his somewhat threadbare garments for the new and glossy ones, he slipped out again, his guilty conscience making him dread the scrutiny of honest men, like ourselves. I caught sight of him, however, as he crossed the green, and must own his new clothes became him uncommonly well—though Dick was one of those intolerably handsome scoundrels, who always look well in anything. But my heart was sorrowful. Could it be that Dick Rhombus, our Dick, the stern republican, the despiser of wealth and the lauder of poverty, had gone over to the enemy? Yet it must be. How else came he by the new clothes? Unable to resist the temptation, he had become the base parasite, flatterer and sponge upon some half fledged lordling, that he might be humiliated by the present of a new suit of clothes now and then, and a few guineas whenever the noble lord was either drunk or generous. With these bitter fancies in my mind, I crossed over to Jack's room, to learn whether his thoughts corresponded with mine.

As I entered his room, Jack was sitting flat upon the floor, his legs stretched out at full length, in such a manner as to describe a right angle, wholly absorbed in blacking a pair of stout boots. A strong blue-black beard of four days' growth graced his chin; a broad streak of blacking extended from the inner corner of one eye to the angle of the lower jaw, giving a somewhat savage and South Sea islandish expression to his stern countenance, in the centre of which was stuck a short, black pipe, which he was puffing vigorously.

Jack did not raise his head, or speak, as I entered, but continued brushing furiously, as if his very existence depended upon raising a polish on his stogies. Accordingly, lighting up my pipe, and seating myself upon an inverted coal scuttle, I lifted up my voice in denunciation of Dick, enlarging upon all I had seen, and all I surmised, concluding by asking Jack his opinion how it was all to end.

"Dunno," replied Jack, sententiously, at the same time emitting a huge cloud of smoke. "Make him show his hand to-night."

There is an old adage, familiar to most persons, to the effect, that whenever you make mention of a certain gentleman, who is popularly supposed to sport a caudal appendage, and with feet divided longitudinally in the center, he is sure to make his appearance. The truth of this saying was strikingly illustrated upon the present occasion, for Jack had scarcely uttered the concluding word of the foregoing sentence, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Dick bounced into the room. Hastily bolting the door behind him, he began striding up and down the room in the greatest agitation, giving vent to his feelings, whatever they were, in a profusion of execrations upon himself and the world in general.

"I *do* believe I'm the unluckiest dog that ever was christened," he burst forth, dashing his hat into the middle of the floor. "That such a thing as this should happen just at this time; everything going on so nicely, too. But for this, I should be a made man. O, it's enough to drive a man crazy! Jack!" he exclaimed, passionately, "why in the name of Beelzebub don't you speak to a fellow? Is this what you call friendship—not to assist your friend out of a scrape, nor even sympathize with him? Jack! I say."

"Did you speak to me?" drawled out Jack, for the first time discontinuing the blacking of his boots. "What's the matter?"

"Matter!—what's the matter? That's the matter—look there!" and Dick pointed from the window with an air like the villain in a tragedy.

Beneath the window was pacing to and fro a decided-looking man, whose profession no poor student could possibly mistake.

"Do you see that?" continued Dick; "that demon, waiting to devour me! Did you ever see such a monster!—such a devil in human form? Look at the demoniac swing of that blue coat-tail, and those fiendish brass buttons! O, that I had a thirty-two pounder—a sixty-four pounder—a whole battery of siege ordnance—wherewith to annihilate him! Jack!" he continued, glaring fiercely upon that individual, "you call yourself a chemist; is there no poison that will kill at a distance? I want that villain's blood, and I'll have it!"

"I think it would have a beneficial effect if I were to take about six ounces of blood from *you*, my fine fellow," remarked Jack. "You are insane, you are, and I'm very glad of it, as it in some measure accounts for your unjustifiable conduct for the last month or two; but with scientific treatment, such as I am able to furnish, we'll soon bring you round again. So sit down and compose yourself. If you continue to rave in this manner, I shall be obliged to resort to a straight jacket."

"Rave! isn't it enough to make any one rave! Do you know who that man is?" yelled Dick, in a frenzy of passion.

"I think I ought to know him," returned Jack, calmly, "for a very respectable bailiff—the same one who besieged me, for something more than a week, with that little account of Smith's, which he never succeeded in getting; but what the deuce ails you about him? so long as you stay in doors, he can't touch you, though I must own, it isn't the pleasantest sight in the world to have one of the tribe constantly before your eyes. As Maginn says:

> 'My heart leaps up when I behold
> A bailiff in the street:
> 'Twas so since from one first I ran;
> 'Twas so even in the Isle of Man;
> 'Twill be so even in Newgate's hold,
> Or in the Fleet!
> A trap is hateful to a man!
> And my whole course of life shall be
> Bent against them in just antipathy!—'"

"O, confound your quotations!" interrupted Dick. "I know I'm safe so long as I stay in the house, but I must go out—it's time I was on the spot now;" and Dick strode about the room like a very madman. "I tell you I *must* go; can't you do anything to get him off the watch, if it's only for ten minutes? But no," he continued, as we made no reply, "your pretended friendship is all a sham. I have suspected as much for the last month."

"Peace! thou most uncivil engineer," interrupted Jack; "if you expect any aid or comfort from us, you must, in the first place, explain your late conduct, and next, let us know what you want to go out for."

"I thought I had told you," replied Dick, confusedly; "I am to be married at seven, and it lacks but twenty minutes of the time."

"Just repeat that speech once more," gasped Jack, thunderstruck at this announcement; "something must have gone wrong with my ears. You married? Without intending any disrespect, let me ask *who*, in the name of all that's indigent and poverty-stricken, will marry *you*?"

To our immeasurable surprise and bewilderment, Dick faltered the name of Mary Addison; and in hurried accents, almost incoherent from excitement, he gave us the whole history of his acquaintance, courtship, proposal and acceptance, going into ecstacies at every mention of her name. He told us how the dear creature, pining to be released from the tyranny of her guardian, had consented that the marriage should take place secretly, that very night; how the guardian, probably suspecting what was going on, from the first, pretended friendship for Dick, in order to frustrate the scheme; how Dick, in the extremity of his need, had accepted a loan of fifty pounds from him, to procure the new clothes, a license, and so forth; how, upon going to meet his beloved, he had been chased by the bailiff, and barely succeeded in escaping to the house, through his greater length of legs.

"Now," continued Dick, "what am I to do?"

"True," replied Jack, "what are you to do? but do you mean to say that you were fool enough to allow the guardian to hocus you into the belief that he was your friend, and that you actually borrowed fifty pounds of him?"

"I didn't know but he might have taken a fancy to me," muttered Dick; "besides, what was I to do without money? Couldn't get a license, without money."

"O greenness, thy name is Richard Rhombus, Esq., civil engineer," continued Jack; "thou dolt, thou lossy, thou worse than a lossy, thou juvenile jackass! Dick Rhombus, you're a fool, and don't deserve a wife."

"I know I'm a fool," whimpered Dick, with an air of humility; "but what am I to do? it only wants ten minutes of the time to meet her."

"Something must be done," replied Jack, thoughtfully. "I'll go down and talk with the bailiff; perhaps we may get an extension."

"Do—do go down, and try to do something. If you succeed, I'll be the making of you."

"Hold that calf's tongue of yours, and don't insult me with any more of your eloquence," spluttered Jack, with his face in a basin of water, with which he was trying to remove the blacking from his countenance.

I really thought Dick would jump out of his skin—as the saying is—with impatience, during the few minutes of Jack's negociations with the bailiff; and his despair was really affecting when Jack returned with the announcement that he had been unsuccessful. For a few minutes we sat gazing at each other in stupid silence.

"What *shall* I do?" Dick burst forth. "What say if we arrest the bailiff, bring him up here and make him fast, till it's over?"

"Wont do," returned Jack; "only get yourself locked up on a criminal process, which you'd find something worse than this."

"What, then, shall I do?" he asked, in an agony of excitement. "By heavens! there she is just coming out of the door, and expecting to meet me on the green."

"Send an excuse," suggested Jack.

"Pooh—an excuse! prevail upon a lady to elope with you, and when she comes to meet you, ask to be excused! I tell you what I will do," continued Dick, with firmness. "This is a desperate case; I shall go down and disable that man, and take the consequences bereafter."

"You'll do no such thing; your arrest would follow before you could get half way across the green. Eureka! I have it!" suddenly exclaimed Jack, kicking his heels into the air; "strip yourself, Dick, strip yourself, off with those gooseberry colored breeches."

"What do you mean?" wonderingly inquired Dick.

"Never mind what I mean; just peel, and that quick."

The idea began to dawn upon us; and Jack was speedily invested with the new clothes, while Dick assumed his old ones.

"Now, then," said Jack, turning to me, "you, I believe, have never been arrested by this bailiff; consequently, he don't know that you are a beggar. Go down, and pretend that you are going to settle the bill; make a show of your pocket-book, if you happen to possess such a useless article. While you engage his attention, I will slip out and run; he will recognize the clothes as the same Dick had on, when he was after him before, and, of course, give chase; I will give him a long run, and, in the mean time, let Dick get spliced with as little delay as possible, for the ruse will be soon discovered."

Dick pressed my hand, imploring me to be successful, and I departed on my delicate mission. The bailiff eyed me suspiciously, as I emerged from the house; but putting on a bold face, I accosted him.

"Well, my good fellow," said I, "what's the trouble? how much is this debt of my friend?"

"The debt," he replied, "is fifty pounds; the costs are—"

"O, hang the items; what is the amount?"

"Fifty-four pounds, ten shillings and eight pence."

"Fifty odd pounds!" I repeated, with an air of contempt, at the same time drawing out my pocket-book. "I suppose it's all right if the money is paid to you?"

"O yes—yes, sir, all right, perfectly."

"Do you happen to have the bill with you, Mr. Bailiff?" I continued, slowly opening the pocket-book.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir, here it is," he replied, fumbling over a quantity of papers.

I had manœuvred to get the bailiff's back turned towards the house, and as he reached me the bill, Jack slipped out and darted across the green unperceived.

"O—ah—yes, this is the bill, is it? well, there's the man who wants to settle it;" and I pointed to Jack's flying figure, which looked the very picture of Dick, as he skimmed across the college green, some four or five rods in advance.

With something very like an oath, the bailiff crumpled the papers into his hat, and started in pursuit. The race was an exciting one. They were both good runners, and both exerted their strength to the utmost. Across the green and up the street they flew, with surprising velocity, their hair and coat-tails streaming straight out behind them in the wind. "Go it, taller legs! go it, catchpole!" yelled the boys, joining in the chase. The students shouted their applause, and followed on to see the sport, alternately encouraging the pursuer or pursued, as either gained or lost. Windows flew up, and heads popped out; and, altogether, there was as pretty a row as you'd wish to see. But still Jack kept on, anxious to give Dick as much time as possible. Through long muddy lanes, across ploughed fields, over fences and through hedges, the chase continued, until, weary and exhausted, Jack doubled on his pursuer, and again entered the town, and would probably have escaped, but, turning into a narrow street, in the rear of the church, a policeman barred his progress. The bailiff was close behind, and there was nothing for it but to surrender; yes, one chance more. The front door of a house was standing ajar; into the door and up stairs he rushed, through a room containing some half dozen ladies, who, of course, commenced screaming and fainting away with great propriety; but he stopped for no such nonsense. Diving down the back stairs, he found himself in an area, enclosed with a high picket fence. His pursuers were already descending the stairs. The fence was high; but to scale it was not impossible. He jumped, and missed; another jump, and he was upon the top. As the crowd, hooting and yelling, poured into the area, Jack considered himself good for another ten minutes, for he could easily place the fence between himself and his foe; but alas for human calculations, as he sprang from the fence, the new coat-tails caught in the high pickets, and he hung suspended. Before he could release himself the bailiff had hold of him.

"So, I've got you at last!" gasped the bailiff.

"You'll pay for this night's job, young fellow."

"Look here, old rattle-trap," remarked Jack, coolly adjusting his disordered dress, "just keep your hands off me, or I'll smash your face for you; you've got no writ against me."

"Do it, spunky! don't let him be afraid of ye, my lion!" shouted the crowd.

The bailiff had by this time discovered the game played on him, and vowing vengeance, he hurried off, while Jack hastened in the direction of the church, to see how Dick had sped. Dick, on his part, had emerged from the house as soon as the bailiff was out of sight; the excitement called off the attention of the students, and he joined his sweetheart unperceived. The distance to the church was short, and in a few minutes Dick, his intended, her maid and myself, stood before the altar; but the parson, contrary to agreement, was absent. The sexton assured us he would return in a few minutes. Here was a situation! the bride pale and trembling, Dick in a fit condition to enter a mad-house, and the happiness of the whole party depending on Jack's legs! The parson at last made his appearance. I repeatedly cautioned Dick not to appear in too great a hurry, as the parson might be suspicious and hesitate. After some little delay, the ceremony commenced, and was nearly finished, when a noise was heard at the door, and voices demanding admittance, one of which I recognized as Jack's, warning them off, imploring them, if they were gentlemen, not to disturb the church, as there was a marriage taking place within. The parson hesitated.

"Go on, if you please, sir," said I, with a frightful smile on my countenance, intended to give me an unconcerned appearance; "it is ominous to stop in this manner."

The parson smiled and continued, for the gratuitous information Jack had given the crowd outside completely misled the good man as to the cause of the disturbance. As the final words were pronounced, which made them one flesh, Jack withdrew the bolts from the door, and Dick's creditor rushed in. One glance sufficed to show him that it was all over, and with a curse he took himself off, and was never again seen in that part of England. His defalcations, though large, were trifling compared with the immense fortune of Dick's young wife, a portion of which, by some hocus pocus or other, came into the possession of Jack and myself.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

✎ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

We give the opening chapters of a new and interesting novelette, entitled "Redpath, or The Western Trail," an Indian story," by Dr. J. H. ROBINSON, one of our most popular contributors.

"The Mended Tureen Handle," a sketch of domestic life, by Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Mabel Stanwood," a story by ELIZA ELWOOD.

"A Night in an Alpine Inn," a story by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Married Men," a sketch by the OLD 'UN.

"The Forge and the Easel," a tale by HARRIET A. DAVISON

"Angie Clare," a poem by WILLIE E. PABOR.

"Happiness," verses, by TAMAR ANNE KEMBONE.

"The Dying Child's Prayer," lines by FANNY BELL.

"Death of General Worth," stanzas by BLANCHE D'ARCOIS.

"Love and Innocence," poem by T. HOWLAND, JR.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"Friendship," "To Miss R. R. P.," "My Mother," "The Dying Child," "The Thunder Storm," "The Old Farm," and "Kate Wynford, the Coquette."

THE WAR.

Gladly would we announce that since our last issue indications of peace had appeared in Europe; but such, unfortunately, is not the fact. On the contrary, we hear of more extended operations, of more formidable preparations for waging the war to the uttermost. Peace is farther distant now than when the allies first landed on the "dark and bloody ground" of the Crimea. England might patch up a peace even now—France, or rather Louis Napoleon, never. For merely listening favorably to certain propositions, suggested by Austria, and approved of by Lord John Russell, Louis Napoleon dismissed his foreign minister. He now keeps his British ally up to the mark, and will not allow her to falter. The British papers assert that the war is, and has been from the first, popular in England, and they explain the difficulty of recruiting by the want of confidence felt in official management. They say the people are ready to fight, but not to be starved, neglected when wounded, and ill sheltered from the bad weather.

In France it is very different; the system of conscription ensures full ranks, while the admirable character of the French military organization assures to every man who takes up arms, judicious management, comfort, and the prospect of promotion. And, moreover, the French nation were prepared for a war. From the very first, Louis Napoleon looked for a chance of getting into a quarrel with some European nation; for he felt that a state of war, to occupy the army by whose means he rose to power, was a necessary condition to the stability of his fortunes. The French are a warlike people. They have been so from the earliest ages, and will continue so as long as Christianity sanctions the use of the sword in settling national disputes. It matters very little with whom they are engaged, or in what quarrel. They fought as well against the Roman patriots as now against the Russian troops. The traditional spirit of chivalry resides in their bosoms, and like the *preux chevaliers* of old, they can destroy without hating their victims.

Military glory, too, is the idol of their new emperor. He loves it for itself, and for its power over men's hearts. The numbers he has sent to the field, and the superiority of their conduct in the campaign, as far as system and organization go, give him a commanding position, and enable him to be resolute and positive in his positions. He is evidently bent on carrying on this war until the power of Russia is badly crippled, and her ambition severely checked. Therefore, as month after month rolls by, we must look to hear the old tales of sorties, repulses, bombardments, hand-to hand actions—all the details of the carnage, which make the heart sicken as we read of it; and this without being able to say when the end will be.

One feature of the present war has been mentioned by European correspondents, and deserves to be noted as showing an improved public sentiment with regard to war itself. The news of the so-called victories in the Crimea, on being promulgated at Paris, called forth no enthusiasm. The bulletins were read with care and attention, and commented on; but there was little or no shouting, no effervescence of joy. Men felt, Frenchmen as well as English, that the advantages gained were at so high a cost—so many noble lives sacrificed to obtain them—that silence was the best commentary on the news.

A SWORD FOR A KING.—King Kamehameha, of the Sandwich Islands, has had a sword manufactured for him at Newark, N. J., from a design of his own. It is in the form of a Turkish scimetar, with a richly gilt scabbard, and bearing a motto in the king's native language, which signifies, "The life of the land is dedicated forever to righteousness." The king's initials and various devices are set in precious stones.

QUEER DEFINITION.—The first time an old cauliker, from the Isles of Shoals, saw a horse and carriage, he described the phenomenon as "a cow without horns, running a race with a windmill."

LAGER BEER.—A German drank sixty mugs of this beverage in succession, in Jersey City, lately. We should think he would feel muggy after it.

THE JESUITS.—Father Becks, the general of the Jesuits, had lately a narrow escape from assassination at Rome, Italy.

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE IN AMERICA.

The most intelligent travellers have acknowledged that there is no country in the world, in which the people are generally so well informed, as in the United States; although there are but few very learned men, still there are few very ignorant men. We do not accept M. de Torqueville's views, however, that the tendency of democratic institutions, is to prostrate originality and excellence. On the contrary, we think that nowhere are individual idiosyncrasies more decidedly manifested than in this country. De Tocqueville thinks, as democratic institutions obtain the ascendancy, excellence will wholly disappear from literature, arts and science; men of extensive learning and knowledge will nowhere be found, but, instead of these, general and superficial information will be universally diffused; works of originality and genius will be sought for in vain; and the skill of artisans becoming equalized, the wants of society will be supplied with cheap and inferior commodities. Even if this were all true, it is far better that the masses should be intelligent and respectably informed, than that a few men should be oracles of learning, and the masses sunk in ignorance, which was the case in the dark ages. Let it be remembered that "Rome never had brighter geniuses than when she lost her liberties; never had more knowledge. Cicero, Virgil, Horace—these very names are enough to prove the claims of their country to the highest improvements. But where was this knowledge? It was confined to privileged classes; it was locked up in expensive libraries; it was monopolized by the few, only to enable them to crush the many beneath the invisible chains they were preparing for the mind. There cannot be a more favorable opportunity for the overthrow of liberty than this great inequality. If all were ignorant, they would stand upon a level, and in the balance of disabilities, liberty might be safe. But let the rich be well educated, and the poor neglected, and the fall of freedom is certain. The light will predominate over the darkness; the thinkers will rule, and the ignorant will be slaves." We owe the prosperity of our country to the fact, that from the first settlement, the means of education were liberally provided; and it is well known that at present, our free schools are the very best we have. Every State of the Union understands that liberty and knowledge move hand in hand together.

A MAN THAT COULD NOT BE BRIBED.

The British court party, in Walpole's time, being desirous to attach a certain lord to its interests, Walpole was sent to negociate with him. "I come," said he, "on the part of the king, to assure you of his protection, and to express the regret he feels in having done nothing, as yet, for you, and to offer you an employment more suitable to your merit." "My lord," replied the nobleman, "before replying to your offers, permit me to have my supper served before you." At this moment a hash, made of the remains of the leg of mutton on which he had dined, was set before him. Turning to Walpole, he added: "My lord, do you think a man satisfied with such a meal as that, is one whom the court can easily gain over. Tell the king what you have seen. It is the only answer I have to make him."

BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.—Col. Brown, the chief of the Dublin police, lately undertook to show how very chivalrous and patriotic were the men under his command. He stated that they were all burning to serve their queen in the Crimea, and after making a speech, in which he stated how anxious the sovereign was to procure recruits, he summoned all who were ready and willing to do and die for their country, to advance from the ranks. Two men obeyed the call!

NEW GENERAL.—Sir Harry Smith is talked of as the commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Crimea. He is a brave and dashing fellow, and greatly distinguished himself in the Kaffir war, at the Cape of Good Hope. We should think he and Pelissier would fraternize very well together. They are men of about the same stamp.

ITALY.—This unhappy country is said to be in a political ferment now; and it is supposed that various conspiracies are on foot against the existing government. It is known that Radetsky has asked for reinforcements in the Austrian provinces.

CALIFORNIA NUTMEGS.—The nutmeg is found growing wild on the banks of the Cosumnes river. It also grows wild on the forest trees of Connecticut, but requires little manufacturing process to make it marketable.

THE WILD HORSE.—This noted animal, which has cut so many capers on the Provincetown sands, is now being trained to the harness, and bids fair to make a fast trotting nag. In "breaking," he has already shattered several carriages.

THE PHENICIAN LANGUAGE.—The only trace of this, the first written language, is the inscription on the sarcophagus lately found at Sidon, the possession of which has been adjudged to the French.

PRIMITIVE.—Sydney Smith, in speaking of his country retreat, says: "We have been delighted with our little paradise, for such it is; except that there is no serpent, and we wear clothes."

APPLES.—This fruit, for which Eve bartered Paradise, is falling rapidly in the west. Some of the farmers have sold their crops for six and ten cents a bushel, the purchaser to pick them.

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.—MRS. Ridgeway, of Philadelphia, has lately gained a suit in Paris, the object of which was to prove that she was the heiress of the late Duchess of Plaizance.

COLORED NOBILITY.—A deputation of Hayti en nobility are now on a visit to the great Paris exhibition, and attract much attention.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Tin shirt collars, painted white, are the latest fashion in Philadelphia.

John Gilman, a Canadian patriot, has returned home after an absence of seventeen years.

Conrad Bauer, keeper of a lager beer hall in Newark, N. J., was lately murdered by rowdies.

A sleigh, with wheels attached, has been invented in Pittsfield, Vt.

The funeral of Lord Raglan, in Bristol, Eng., was an imposing affair.

For some reason or other the Paris Exhibition doesn't draw very well.

The German Turner Societies of this city lately had a grand festival.

The Louisville election riots was the bloodiest affair that ever happened there.

The Arabic tongue has five hundred words signifying a lion. Easy language.

The waters of the Amazon mingle with the Mississippi in the Gulf of Mexico.

The average amount of money brought by the emigrants from Europe to N. York, is $44 each.

Mr. James Bennett, the popular actor, is making a starring tour.

The subscriptions to the new French loan were rapidly taken up in Paris.

An earthquake in New Zealand, lately, was really great shakes.

Col. Kinney was very kindly received by the authorities at Greytown.

The weather for the last month was very trying to the health.

There is every prospect of a large crop of apples in this section of the country this year.

Horace Vernet, the great French battle-painter, is settled at Marseilles.

A boy, named Nickerson, was nearly killed by a cart while flying his kite in this city.

The French have found out that the entire Russian army amounts to 620,000.

The population of South Boston is about 18,000. Quite a hamlet!

Horace Greeley writes that the splendors of Paris are perfectly bewitching.

The London Illustrated News acknowledges the war to be "inconvenient." Rather so.

The boarding house attached to the Tufts College will contain thirty four rooms.

Three farmers in Maine have an oat field three miles long.

PRINTERS' EXCURSION.

The printers of Lowell, accompanied by their friends, make an annual excursion to Lowell Island, where they pass the day in bathing, fishing, bowling and other rational festivities. This year's excursion took place recently, and the Lowell Courier gives the following technical summary of it: "The day was delightful, the best that nature could have given us. The first half of the day was spent according to the varied tastes of the company; some took to the alleys, making *pi* of the ten-pins as fast as they could be *set up* by the active boys; some *loaded* their *lines*, and embarked their *gallies* on fishing excursions, and found a few *fat takes*, while others *distributed* themselves promiscuously about the rocks, or *wet their matter* in the salt water at the bathing place; the *forms* of one couple we espied under the shelving edge of an *imposing stone, locked up* in a "private and confidential" *communication*. In all the amusements, the masculine *bourgeois* and the feminine *nonpareil* were pretty evenly *distributed*, and a fair sprinkling of youthful *small caps* was not wanting."

MILITARY SURGERY.—Dr. Gluck recently delivered the introductory lecture at the New York Medical College, in which he discussed the responsibilities and peculiarities of military surgery. He said that presence of mind, calmness, assurance, conservative boldness while operating, are attributes necessary to the military surgeon, who, above all, must possess a thorough medical education. Although the field of battle is the best surgical school, it is so but to those who are not only perfectly familiar with the principles of surgery, but know at the same time what and how to observe, in order to be useful in the moment, and to turn it later to practical utility.

FUEL FOR LOCOMOTIVES.—They have been running a locomotive on the Reading Railroad for some weeks, burning nothing but anthracite coal. It works to a charm—makes plenty of steam, and no dirt and no sparks. The saving, at the present prices of fuel, is about forty three per cent. This is a great triumph. Wood is getting so scarce that it is high time to employ coal, the supply of which, in this country, is inexhaustible.

SEBASTOPOL.—Sir Charles Napier, in a public speech, made lately, said he doubted very much if Sebastopol could ever be taken. We have expressed this opinion in the Flag long ago. We should consider its capture by the allies a military miracle.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.—Singerland, a forger, just pardoned out of the New York State prison, is to be arrested by *one* of his wives on a charge of bigamy. In Utah he would be a saint.

EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE.—This gentleman, after studying all the notable places in Scotland, went over to Ireland to kiss the blarney stone, and to see the other sights in that interesting country.

A GREAT LOSS.—The Rev. Mr. Smith, a missionary of the Episcopal Church at Cape Palmas, who left New York last fall, died lately in Africa, very much beloved and regretted.

THIEVES IN VERMONT.—The Vermont Republican says, that petty thieves and robbers are rife in the Green Mountain State, "disguised as fools and stragglers."

CANADA.—The social intercourse between this province and the United States is increasing. The best feeling prevails on both sides of the line.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Alarm Ship; or The Rebels of Brunswick," a story by ARTHUR INGRAHAM.

"The Fatal Helmets," a Gallic legend, by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"Adventures in the Philippines," a sketch by GIDEON H. BALLOU.

"Passing Away" poem by TAMAR ANNE KEMBONE.

"When would you die?" verses by ADA G. EBBY.

"The Buoy," lines by MRS. M. W. CHASE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A very accurate view of that pretty locality in Boston, Blackstone Square, at the South End.

Representations of interesting articles in the Museum of Carriages at Versailles in France; first, a picture of the Parade Saddle of Louis XVI.; second, a sleigh of Louis XVI.'s time; third, Parade Saddle of Napoleon; fourth, Coronation Carriage of Charles X.; fifth, Chair of Louis XIV.'s; and an Interior View of the Historical Carriage Gallery.

A series of views in that well-known town, Cohasset; giving first, a picture of the Railroad Depot; second, view of Bent's Cottage; third, Rock Rock House; third, a fine representation of Cohasset Beach; fourth, view of Rockland House; and fifth, a large picture of Cohasset Common.

A fine likeness of Miss Marian Dyer, known as the "Child of the French Regiment," New York.

View of St. Mary's Church at Cold Spring, on the Hudson River, New York.

A large illustrated panorama of natural history, giving a whole page of various insects and butterflies.

✎ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

The restoration of the paintings in the dome of St. Paul's is rapidly progressing.

The cholera is daily carrying off from eighteen to twenty persons at Warsaw, and is extending its ravages along the Vistula as far as Cracow.

Rosa Bonheur, who is pronounced by the London News the greatest painter of rustic subjects in France, is exhibiting some of her pictures in London.

Readings of the war have become common in several provincial towns, the local clergyman or magistrate being generally the reader, and the artizans of the town the audience.

The commune of San Quisino, in Piedmont, has just devoted itself to the Holy Virgin, by a legal conveyance in good and due form, "in presence of us the notary Morelli, and the witnesses of this deed," etc.

In consequence of the recent discovery of immense supplies of ironstone in the Cleveland hills, in North Yorkshire, thirty smelting furnaces are in operation, or in course of construction, on the banks of the Tees.

The United Service Gazette states that Sir Charles Napier was offered and declined the dignity of G.C.B., feeling that he could not receive a reward for services in respect of which he had been censured.

Among the "trophies" carried away by the English soldiers who were sheltered in the houses near the Redan, one soldier of the 38th regiment brought home a very young child; but it was almost immediately sent back to the Russian outposts.

The French Emperor, on the proposition of Prince Napoleon, has decided that during the whole time the Exhibition remains open, the pupils of the Polytechnic School shall have free admission to both exhibitions every Wednesday, which is their day for being permitted to go out.

The French Imperial Court have just decided that the patent taken out some years ago by M. Minie for his famous bullet, is void, as being in the employ of government, and being paid for the special object of improving fire-arms, his improvements and inventions belong to the nation and the public.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Eminent stations make great men more great, and little ones less.

In our attempts to deceive the world, those are most likely to detect us who are sailing on the same tack.

Praise of all things is the greatest excitement of commendable actions, and supports us in our enterprises.

I dare affirm, men know better how to take good measures than how to pursue them. To resolve on what they say and do, than to do and say what they ought.

The world is full of people, who, making by custom and outward appearance a comparison of themselves with others, always decide in favor of their own merit, and act accordingly.

The great, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upward when they are most burdened.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error, but this is the prerogative of omniscience alone.

This truth, that there can be no integrity of body without integrity of mind, and no integrity of mind without integrity of body, ought to be burned in the palms of the hands of both young and old.

The impression we feel when danger threatens ourselves, is very different from that occasioned by the danger of a person for whom we are deeply interested. In the latter case, the heart is so much the more racked, as we endeavor to conceal its disquietude from the object of it; and this is truly martyrdom.

Joker's Budget.

Flowers that are always falling off: Bachelor's Buttons.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

A short cut to Metaphysics.—What is Matter? —Never mind! What is mind? No matter.

A crown will not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper the gout.

Mrs. Partington says that she was much elucidated last Sunday, on hearing a fine concourse on the paucity of the prodigious mass.

Why is a four-quart jug like a lady's side saddle? Because it holds a gal on, (gallon). When is a lady's neck not a neck? When it is a little bare, (bear).

A genius at the south end has had his sleeping chamber painted with iceberg scenes. The water in the pitcher froze the first night, and he was obliged to kindle a fire the second. Nothing like cooling scenes. Precisely.

Prentice says: "Three years ago a man in Mississippi cheated us out of twenty dollars, and now his son cheats us out of about the same sum. The young man's propensity to cheat is probably *the only thing that he ever came honestly by.*"

"Mother," said a little girl, seven years old, "I could not understand our minister to-day, he said so many hard words. I wish he would preach so that little girls could understand him. Wont he, mother?" "Yes, I think so, if we ask him." Soon after, her father saw her going to the minister's. "Where are you going, Emma?" said he. "I am going over to Mr. ——'s, to ask him to preach small."

Quill and Scissors.

The New England Society in the city of New York will celebrate the semi-centennial anniversary of their existence in December next, and O. W. Holmes, Esq., has consented to deliver the oration, and Rev. John Pierpont a poem on the occasion.

The Russian government is filling the places vacated by English mechanics, on account of the war, with Americans. Six mechanics leave Baltimore, in a day or two, to take charge of important positions on the Russian railways. Altogether, twenty five or thirty mechanics will be sent out from Baltimore.

The vault of the Farmers' Bank, at Winchester, Va., was recently submerged by a freshet, and the bank officers placed the bags of gold near the door of the office, to dry in the sun. Soon it was discovered that one bag was missing. It had without doubt been stolen.

A farmer in south western Ohio being asked if the rain had done much damage, replied,—"O yes, the ears of corn are so long and heavy that they reach entirely across the rows, and very much impede the locomotion in the fields." The country is in a dreadful condition.

The unhealthiness of the Louisiana swamps is shown by the fact that since the swamp land system of that State was organized in 1853, no less than four engineers have died from the effects of the imprudent exposure to the deadly climate.

John Phœbus, (what a name!) a music teacher of New Haven, who eloped with the daughter of a widow, has sued the New Haven Journal and Courier for libel, damages laid at $10,000, for telling the story.

A young lad, living with Royal Fowler of Westfield, while running away from an unruly cow, fell, thrusting his hand into a hole in the ground in such a manner as to break his arm at the wrist.

The Annales d'Hygiene, of Paris, has published an article pointing out the danger arising from packing snuff in lead, as the damp in the snuff acting on the lead oxidizes it, and forms a soluble salt of a poisonous nature.

The taxes voted to be raised the present year in Nantucket, is $43,500. A discount of five per cent. was made to those who should pay within forty-five days, and during that time the sum of $38,000 was received by the collector.

The Paris Moniteur has taken advantage of the feeling in favor of England to publish "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Dickens, in its grave, official columns. No French paper, however important, can exist without a novel.

The Salem Gazette says it is understood that the members of the Choate family are to have a grand family gathering some time next summer, on Hog Island, in the town of Essex, the birthplace of Hon. Rufus Choate.

Among the Indians, warriors win titles by their deeds. The inhabitants of some of the Western States follow the same plan. At Indianapolis they have a dancing school kept by Mr. and Mrs. *Shanks.*

Mrs. Becker, who recently saved the lives of a boat's crew off Long Point, Lake Erie, has received a purse of $600, raised by private subscription in Canada.

A mass of pure copper estimated to weigh five hundred tons, has been discovered in the Cliff mine, Lake Superior. The new mines in the Ontonagan district are reported to be rich in ore.

M. Antoine Etex, the eminent artist who adorned the arch of triumph at Paris with colossal sculptures, has presented to the city of New York his great picture, "The Glory of America."

The Home Journal reports, that since the new postage law went into effect, there has been a sensible diminution of applications for autographs.

The Vermont Republican says that petty thieves and robber are quite plenty in Vermont, travelling about "disguised as fools and stragglers."

Mr. Fillmore, at last advices, was in Ireland, having visited the birthplace of Burns, July 19, and crossed over from Scotland to Belfast.

General Sutter, the veteran pioneer of California, is said to have sustained a damage of $10,000 this year in his crops by grasshoppers.

The Crystal Palace in New York has been rented to the American Institute, who will hold their next annual Fair in it.

The brilliant letters of William Howard Russell, from the Crimea to the Times, have been gathered and published in a book.

It is only twenty two years since the first log cabin was erected in Burlington, Iowa, and it now contains 10,130 inhabitants.

Counterfeit three dollar bills upon the Mercantile Bank of Providence are in circulation.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William Shepherd to Mrs. Mary Barker.

Dr. E. C. Drew to Miss Anna H., daughter of Charles Hayner, Esq.

By Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. James Healy to Miss Martha Burgess.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Wm. E. Tune to Mrs. Sarah J. H. Allen.

At Melrose, Mr. James B. Sweetser to Miss Amelia A. Illingworth.

At Newton, by Rev. Mr. Furber, Mr. William R. Waters to Miss Mary C. Adams.

At Lynn, by Rev. Isaac S. Cushman, Mr. Henry H. Goodridge to Miss Elizabeth P. Dearborn.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. George P. Reynolds to Miss Kezia Cossett.

At Gloucester, Mr. Benjamin F. Walker to Miss Lucy B. Clark.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Horton, Wilson Whitton, Esq., to Miss Sybil Smith.

At New Bedford, Mr. Joseph Whiting to Miss Catharine Sullivan.

At Andover, Mr. John S. Parsons to Miss Lydia S. Eames.

At Portland, Mr. Charles B. Nash to Miss Elizabeth B. Coggswell.

At West Buxton, Me., Mr. John R. Clough to Miss Sophronia C. Emerson.

At Whitehall, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Barber, Mr. Henry H. Mitchell to Mrs. Esther B. Sprague.

At Bowdoinham, Me., Hon. R. F. Cooke, to Mrs. N. P. Lowell.

At Albany, N. Y., Mr. James P. Foss, to Miss A. B. Coffin.

Deaths.

In this city Mr. John A. Stewart, Fannie R., daughter of Mr. J. F. and Caro Dobson, 7 months; Mr. David Mcleod, 54; Mrs. Catharine Galligan, 27, Miss Mary Ann Rose, 25; Mr. Joseph C. Tucker, 67; Mr. Colman Frost, 62; Mrs. Margaret Moody, 65.

At South Boston, Mr. Jonathan H. Tombs, 62.

At East Boston, Susan H., daughter of Mr. Abel H. Coffin, 4 years.

At Chelsea, Mrs. Charlotte A., wife of Rev. Anson Hubbard, 59.

At Charlestown, Miss Mary Ann, daughter of the late N. P. Page, 25.

At Somerville, Charles E., son of E. H. and J. S. Blake, 3 years; Modena F. Mayo, daughter of Mr. Joseph Mayo, 4 years.

At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Eunice, wife of the late Francis E. Faukner, 72.

At West Cambridge, Mrs. Eunice Russell, 94.

At Melrose, Mr. Wyman Harrington, 72.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Lydia Wonson, 62.

At North Bridgewater, Miss Rosaline Theresa, daughter of Mr. Michael O'Neil, 23.

At West Wareham, Mrs. Mary J. O'Neil, 23.

At Lynn, Mr. Lorine Enos, 35.

At Salem, Isaac J., son of Mr. Isaac Kelsey, 10 years.

At South Danvers, Jesse W. L., daughter of Mr. William Chisholm, 7 years.

At Marblehead, Miss Charity P. Brimblecom, 77.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Anna Wheelwright, 90.

At New York, Mrs. Lucy L., wife of Mr. Joseph James Clark, 24.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Josiah Caverly, 65.

At Hallet, Canada West, Mr. John Callender, 36.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LUCID INTERVAL.

BY EFF. HYATT.

There is a bright and sunny spot
Within my memory, fresh as yet,
Though cares and trouble be my lot,
May my sad destiny not set
Oblivion's seal upon that name,
Which lights within my heart a flame—
A flame of purest glow, for she
I loved so well, was like to me.

I gazed amid the stars at even,
And wished to count them o'er and o'er;
I loved the mysteries of heaven,
But loved thee, false one, loved thee more;
And when with thee I gazed and gazed,
"Ha, ha," thou saidst that I was "crazed,"
And Fortune tore us far apart,
Thou light of my now broken heart.

O little didst thou dream the while,
Thou with the heart so free from guile,
That thou didst doom me to a fate
More sad than lover's last farewell;
And left me, drear and desolate
Mine heart, an hermit cell;
But still there is a sunny spot
Within my memory, fresh as yet,
It bids me still "forget thee not,"
As if I ever could forget—

Even one link of such a chain
As love has made, fate rent in twain;
Thus through a weary life of care,
I've learnt to battle with my woe;
Yet shut within my heart, O there
I find the name I loved so;
But she I loved, O she is not
A sharer of that sunny spot.

Yet was her love more dear to me
Than riches from an India's mine,
Or pearls that stud the pathless sea;
For O, her smile was half divine—
Her light blue eye was full of trust,
The soul of loveliness and worth;
Her form—O God, she now is dust—
Returned to her mother earth.

But still there is a sunny spot
Within my memory, fresh as yet;
I turn to that, 'tis as a cot
Of love, or spring in desert met.
Love's broken chain is there, but I
Can bear it now without a sigh;
For ah, the bond on earth that's riven,
Will soon be joined again in heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SAYING AND DOING.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

MR. PLUME knew as little about the expenses attendant upon housekeeping, as he did about guiding the helm of a ship. He had a vague idea that money was considered an equivalent for beef and potatoes, but of the *amount*, he was wofully ignorant. Eight years experience, however, had made little Mrs. Plume quite certain that three good meals a day could not be obtained without a liberal investment of the "root of all evil," notwithstanding nice management would sometimes make a little go a long way. Mr. Plume provided the wood and coal, paid for it, and when it was safely housed, felt that he had done considerable towards the maintenance of his family. There his labors ceased. His wife did all the marketing, bought the groceries, settled with the milkman and Irish girl, and took the general responsibility of the financial department, besides baying caps, shoes and jackets for the children. But where did the money come from? O, it was doled out to her by Mr. Plume, in sums of two, three and five dollars. Sometimes, when she talked eloquently of her needs, his munificence ultimated in the magnificent sum of ten dollars; but this was a rare, a very rare occurrence, as that amount, in his comprehensive view of things, would bay eatables sufficient to last a fortnight, besides paying a month's wages to Nancy, buy three pairs of new shoes, and a quantity be left for pocket money.

Poor Mrs. Plume! It was seldom she treated herself to anything new and pretty, as every cent was needed in other directions. Her wardrobe was in poor condition, for the children must be made tidy for church and school, at all events, and then where was the money to come from to get velvet capes and silk dresses, to say nothing of French gloves and kid gaiters? Her life was spent in ceaseless exertion to spend as little as possible, making that little tell to good advantage. This was no easy matter, and years as they went on, but added to the burden which induced a careworn face, and an anxious, restless manner, unpleasant to observe.

This state of things subjected Mrs. Plume to much inconvenience and humiliation; it was inconvenient to go from shop to shop pricing goods, that she might get them at the lowest possible figure, and humiliating trying to cheap en articles that she knew were already put at a reasonable price. What added still more to her perplexities, Mr. Plume insisted upon the cash system. He would have no long bills run up against *his* name, which prevented his wife from showing him the items in plain black and white.

Now Mr. Plume was not niggardly nor parsimonious; he was simply a little too wise in his own conceit, and a great deal too thoughtless. He did not appreciate his wife's carefulness of his pecuniary interest, or her faithful performance of the manifold duties assigned her. What husband does, who is fortunate in having such a partner? Housekeeping, he didn't doubt, was a very agreeable employment, exceedingly healthy for body and mind—a kind of recreation, in fact, which put in action all the muscles of the physical system, and brought into play all the forces of the mind. It wasn't to be compared to the *real* drudgery of superintending a dozen men—the enormous labor that devolved upon him. Mrs. Plume smiled; and what woman wouldn't that ever kept house, with an ignorant domestic to teach, three children to look after, all the family sewing to do, and withal, who was expected to buy a dollar's worth of meat with fifty cents? We only wonder that she didn't scold! Under such circumstances, we can safely put her down as an amiable woman.

One Saturday morning Mrs. Plume found her purse empty. She disliked to name the circumstance to the head of the family, he supplied her necessities so grudgingly. But the unpleasant task must be performed, else they would be dinnerless.

"I'm out of money, John," she said, at last.

"I wonder now how many times you've made that same remark?" he rejoined, in a manner decidedly grumpy.

"No oftener than I've been obliged to, John."

"I dare say not! Didn't I give you money a day or two ago?"

"A little, only. And you know I can't spend money and keep it, too."

"It seems as though you get rid of it unnecessarily fast, though," he continued, reluctantly drawing out his pocket-book, and taking therefrom two bills of the respective denominations of one and three dollars. "Will those do" he added, eyeing the notes, as he placed them in her hand, with a look that plainly said, "About to be wasted."

Mrs. Plume tried to look resigned, and to feel grateful; but she failed. Mr. Plume was an observing man; he noticed it!

"I presume you think there isn't enough?"

"No, John, there isn't enough. I have today's dinner to buy, an expensive roast and vegetables for to-morrow, two or three dollars worth of groceries, and then Nancy wants five, which is only half the amount due her. John, you do not realize what it costs us to live," said the little woman, earnestly.

John regarded the speaker compassionately, pitying her ignorance. He, a man who had kept house (in the general sense of the term) eight years, and found all the money that had been spent in that time, not know what it costs to live! He didn't say anything, but he looked volumes. What was the use of talking when one couldn't be understood and comprehended? Better be silent than cast pearls before swine.

"I am certain you are not satisfied with my method of doing things. Why can't you be induced to take the responsibility of providing for the family upon yourself for a month or two? Give me an example to imitate, and I will copy as near after the original as I can," she said.

"Pshaw! I can't be bothered! The insignificant details that a woman finds her chief happiness in, are beneath a man's notice."

"Her chief *employment*?" suggested his companion.

"No, Mrs. Plume, her chief delight—I repeat it, her chief delight! A woman will busy herself all day and bring nothing to pass; it's characteristic of the sex. I don't say that *you* do, my dear, but it makes me nervous to see you pattering round all the time, when I hire a girl to do the work and wait upon you."

Little Mrs. Plume opened her large black eyes.

"Why, John! Nancy can't cook the least thing, nor iron linen, nor—"

"Send her away and get another."

"A dollar a week will not pay a competent girl, and that is all you have allowed me."

Mr. Plume was cornered; he remembered a remark to that effect.

"Well," he went on to say, "anybody will admit that making pies is easier than scrubbing floors. But as regards work, when we consider the idea of overseeing a dozen men, then one gets a tangible demonstration of the word 'labor,'—a literal reality that wont be slighted nor set aside. I merely mention this, Mrs. Plume, in order that you may acquire a more correct notion of the term work; for it strikes me that your ideas on the subject are excessively loose. But as regards managing family matters, it's a grand thing to calculate a good deal. I've heard my sister say (and you know she's a model housekeeper) that a good calculator would make four dollars go farther than most people would five. I expect she was right, too."

Patient Mrs. Plume! She had studied nothing but calculation for eight consecutive years. No want of material prevented her from writing a treatise on the science, with her numberless experiments and results. It was her chief household god, advising her in different dilemmas, guiding her in crooked places, anticipating obstacles, and despatching work with system and promptness. But calculation, though a great help, would not take the place of money; it may be relied upon as a truism. Yet Mrs. Plume had no fault to find with the quality recommended. It had served her well in many a time of need; made new jackets out of old cloth, mended bad holes so they couldn't be detected, skilfully covered soiled places, and by a mysterious process, termed "cutting down," made worn hose "do" another season. It had helped her to make light, wholesome cake of very slender materials, to produce excellent pastry out of "little or nothing," and concoct a palatable "hash" with an alarmingly small quantity of meat. But Calculation, as has before been said, could not always be depended upon. Sometimes he was fickle and obstinate, refusing to be of any service, when Mrs. Plume, in despair, would go in search of his aid, Money.

Mr. Plume had no disposition to undertake the management of the domestic finances, yet he gave his wife the comforting assurance that should he do so, his expenses would be greatly diminished, and the work he despatched in half the time she took for the same. An opportunity for the display of his unusul tact and smartness soon offered. He found himself in a position which promised to demand all his profound insight into the manifold branches of domestic economy. Mrs. Plume had a violent attack of acute rheumatism, which cast her off from personal communication with the lower apartments, and forced her into a horizontal attitude, where she had plenty of leisure to solve the problem of patience, and dive into the hidden depths of calculation; while her other half walked briskly about, down stairs, in the full dignity of authority, ordering Nancy, scolding the children (for men need not an atom more provocation than women to get their equanimity turned over), cuffing the cat, and making a great deal of litter for somebody to clean up.

The very first day he made out (mentally) the order of arrangements, parcelling the work for the same somebody to do, fully resolved that the internal machinery should move on noiselessly, accomplishing an astonishing amount of work in a period that should set everybody to wondering how it was done. As his intended system may be useful to ambitious but inexperienced housekeepers, we will give a brief idea of his classification of duties, which, upon mature consideration, he thought "it would not do to omit:"

Monday morning, according to time-honored usage, washing; Monday afternoon, excellent chance for ironing. "Two bad jobs in one day," remarked Mr. Plume, complacently, to himself. Tuesday morning, clean enough to last a week; and after dinner, bake a quantity of bread, pies, and cake, obviating the necessity of cooking any more for a period of at least seven days. "There," mused our calculator, "I should like to know why just two days don't take in all the heavy weekly business that Mrs. Plume obstinately affirms can't be hurried? Haven't I methodized it so that I can gain precisely four days, not including Sunday, where my wife don't get a single half day of spare time? It's all in calculation; I've said so repeatedly, several years, and this proves it. Women, in particular, work three times as much and as hard as they need to, besides complaining dolefully about being tied up to the house. All talk! Haven't I demonstrated it to be mere talk? Now what disposal shall I make of the four remaining days? When one hires a girl it wont do to have her idle; and preparing our meals is but a trifle. Let me see; ah! I have it! I need half a dozen more shirts. I'll get some cloth and set Nancy to sewing; I heard Mrs. Plume say she was uncommonly skilful with the needle. Then, after the shirts are done (and she ought to make one a day) she can make up a quantity of bed linen, against a time of need; and afterward, to keep her out of idleness, I can get her some shoes to bind, or some light thing of that kind. Mrs. Plume declines having a nurse, owing to the expense, and I think myself, in such a peculiar complaint as hers, that a nurse is more plague than profit. They can't relieve her pain, and Nancy can run up and rub her well, once in a while, and see if she wants anything. She wont need much waiting upon. I think I have considered every item, and provided for all exigencies. How easy it is to keep house, if one only knows how!" And Mr. Plume went home.

The details of his plan of action were at once delivered to Nancy, who received them in sullen silence, with half closed eyes and compressed lips, that did not bode a ready acquiescence in his wishes.

"The mistress allows me a whole day for the big washin's, sir, an' I can't be doin' it no quicker," she observed, after he had finished, with a manner that said decidedly, "I shall do just as I have done."

"I am aware, Nancy, that Mrs. Plume has an erroneous notion that Monday must be spent in washing; but with system you can despatch the whole business in half a day, leaving you the remainder to iron. Don't you see my policy, Nancy?"

Nancy didn't. She distinguished nothing but a hard ironing after a harder washing—unremitting labor for two tired hands and two weary feet, from six in the morning until seven in the evening, thirteen hours. This fact seemed to stand out in bold relief before her visuals, besides additional visions of troublesome children, getting meals, and waiting upon the prostrate Mrs. Plume.

"It can't be did, sir—washin' and ironin' can't, in one day, an' the mistress never 'quired it of me," replied the girl, in an injured tone, and looking quite flushed.

"You will recollect, Nancy, that your mistress and I are two people. We look at matters in a different light, and act accordingly. At present, I have authority here, and expect to have my wishes attended to. Monday, washing and ironing," said Mr. Plume, authoritatively, as he left the house.

Nancy dropped into a chair and meditated ten minutes, then laid the matter before Mrs. Plume, with sundry interjections of her own. The good lady was greatly disturbed, and spent the morning in disagreeable reflections on the prospect ahead. It was sufficiently obvious that Mr. Plume was bent upon doing a very foolish thing, to practise upon his favorite theory; and it was quite as evident that trouble would be the principal result. She expostulated with him on his unreasonable demands, urging him to abstain from introducing innovations at a season so inconvenient and unpropitious. But Mr. Plume's mind was "made up," and he prided himself on his inflexibility of purpose. Nancy wouldn't submit; she packed her "things," demanded her wages, and left for some place where she wasn't expected "to wash and iron in one day."

"This is unfortunate," said Mrs. Plume, regretfully. "The girl was honest and obliging, and has served me well. I hoped that by taking bread and cake of the baker, and sending your shirts to the laundry, we might get along comfortably until I am about again. I think you have made a mistake, John."

"I never make mistakes, Mrs. Plume! I dare say I shall have no difficulty in getting a girl to suit me."

But he did, although half a dozen applied for the vacant place. None were willing to accede to his unheard-of demands. Washing and ironing in one day! Was the man out of his head? Our manager was getting somewhat fearful that he should have to yield an inch or two of ground, when a stout, broad-shouldered Scotch damsel professed herself willing to "take a try at it," provided fifty cents were added to her weekly stipend. Having no choice, he complied with her terms, rather than to withdraw his unusual requirement.

The trial morning came, warm and sunshiny. The dinner served up to the master of the house was not exactly to his mind—or rather taste; but that slight disappointment was entirely overcome at seeing a large basket of folded clothes in a corner. Calculation was in the ascendant; confirmed habit succumbed to its magical influence! Night brought with it the welcome assurance of the new Scotch auxiliary that the ironing was not only done, but every article laid away. What a treasure that girl promised to be! His triumph was so complete, his self-satisfaction so thorough, that he ate a poor supper without a word of complaint, generously supposing that want of time was the governing cause.

Our reformer judged that it would not be judicious to have too many "irons in the fire," so with long headed wisdom refrained, for the present, from giving his views respecting the too lavish use of whatever might be provided to eat and drink. Time enough for that, after one experiment proved successful. "Tuesday," so ran the programme, "whatever cleaning may be necessary, and in the afternoon cook sufficient to last a week." That part, too, according to Scotch authority, had been despatched with alacrity, though Mr. Plume, being a neophyte in house-cleaning, could not tell where she had scoured and where she hadn't. However, if it had been done, the purpose was answered, and he was content. As to the cooking, he saw a quantity of bread, pies, etc., ranged on a long table, and, naturally enough, concluded it was "all right." True, one of the pies had a curious flavor, making it difficult to determine to what species it belonged; but being assured that it was a new-fashioned competition, he partook with resignation.

To the question whether she could sew, Broad Shoulders avowed her ability to "do anything," particularly to "make shirts well."

"You are used to it, then!" added her employer, highly pleased at the willingness she manifested to make herself useful.

"Naebody be handier wi' the needle," was the ready response. And an hour after a large bundle of cloth was left at the door, which, following instructions, she proceeded to cut up and then sew together. During that and the two successive days, she attached herself to that cotton, not once stopping to prepare a meal thoroughly, or wash the children's faces, because Mr. Plume expressed the desire that she would work as fast as convenient, and get three or four shirts ready to show him on Saturday. He had also requested her to say nothing to Mrs. Plume of the nature of her employment, and that worthy lady lay uneasily in her chamber, alone, racking her brain to invent some probable reason for the non-appearance of the girl, and the utter stillness that prevailed below. Once she rung a hand-bell, standing on the table beside her, and made inquiries. After a long delay, she elicited the simple information that she was "busying herself wi' the work." The victim of rheumatism groaned, repeating earnestly these five words: "What a blessing is health!"

It was Mr. Plume's intention to make a weekly investigation into everything pertaining to his position as chief supervisor. Accordingly on the last day of the week, he began a careful, though circumspect examination of the progress of his promising aid. He called for the shirts. Now Mr. Plume wasn't a good judge of needle-work, but he thought he had worn shirts long enough to know when they *looked* right. It struck him forcibly that a shirt proper did not at all resemble a large bag, with balloon sleeves flapping on either side, as did the nondescript article held up to his view. He had a faint idea, also, that the useful appendage in question, opened in front, secured by buttons; *this* one, however, afforded a chance for ingress and egress on one shoulder, a pair of tape strings conveniently closing the aperture. There were no wristbands, but to supply their place, the quaint sleeves terminated in a narrow hem, a piece of twine being run in to draw it about the hand as close as was desirable. But the size puzzled our gentleman the most. Certainly, the maker must have had Daniel Lambert's circumference vividly in her mind, judging by the amplitude of the body. Mr. Plume never could hope to grow to that shirt, unless he became an alderman, and that was an event extremely improbable. He scrutinized one end, then the other, turned it up, then turned it down, took a front view, then an opposite one; but that odd, indescribable look *would* cling to it. He laid it down, and took up another; for all he could see, it was fashioned precisely like the first; and a third, he was chagrined to find, was cut after the same pattern.

"You don't know how to make shirts, Janet," he exclaimed.

"Did na I put them thegither right?" asked she, innocently.

"No, indeed! Why didn't you take a pattern, and do it correctly? These look more like horse blankets than shirts!"

"Could na stap; twad tak' time."

"Well, don't make any more, and put these out of sight," said Mr. Plume, trying to act, if he didn't feel, good natured.

"Cloth maistly gone, sir," responded Janet.

"Gone! Twenty yards of cloth gone!"

The girl tried to explain how and why; but another view of the three things, denominated "shirts," and a glance at a huge pile of "cuttings" under the table, were better elucidators of the mystery. Disheartened, but not discouraged, Mr. Plume went down into the kitchen, after advising Janet to give her attention to his wife, who, he suspected, had been rather neglected.

The girl's bungling, Scotch handiwork was suggestive. Perhaps (the idea was not wholly absurd) a person could not make a nice shirt in one day, and attend to minor matters indispensable. There *might* be more stitches than he anticipated; Mrs. Plume *might* have been right in saying that a man had no correct estimate of the labor of family sewing, when he so confidently affirmed the contrary. It was not improper to admit that considerable time, a little patience, and a trifle of knowledge, were requisite in apparently so trifling an act as making a shirt. The twenty yards of cloth, with Janet's aid, proved a stronger argument than any Mrs. Plume had made use of. But one reflection consoled him for the mortification of this failure—washing and ironing had been done in one day. Was not that a triumph?

Our reformer opened a closet door, not unsullied in whiteness. Mr. Plume buried both hands in his pockets, and contemplated the unusual spectacle that presented itself. The linen that constituted the aforesaid "washing and ironing" was piled indiscriminately on the floor, the outside layer having received the droppings of different kinds of fluids, bits of butter, shreds of meat, and crumbs of bread. Woolen hose, damask napkins, dish towels, cambric handkerchiefs, rags and dickeys, laid lovingly together, waiting to be "sorted." The advocate for innovation suddenly felt a sensation, very like suspicion, creeping over him. He knew that it was his duty to analyze that agglomeration of articles, yet he dreaded to begin his self imposed task.

With a dainty touch he took up the outside piece, soiled with drops of coffee and molasses. Unfolding it, he discovered it to be one of his shirts—a genuine, substantial shirt of his wife's own making, albeit it was so streaked and variegated with divers hues, dotted with dirt, spotted with indigo, and the fine linen bosom so entirely destitute of starch, that he hardly recognized his property. One thing was a sample of all the rest; speckled and freckled, they presented a curious specimen of Janet's abilities. That was "washing and ironing in one day, and the things all aired and laid away." Mr. Plume, uncharitable as it may seem, thanked fortune that Mrs. Plume couldn't get down stairs. A nervous attack would be sure to follow a sight of that kind.

The shelves were crowded with unwashed dishes, and a quantity of odds and ends, so unwelcome to a thrifty housewife. Upon one stood nearly all the eatables prepared on Tuesday for the purpose of "lasting through the week;" and according to present appearances, and a vivid remembrance of the peculiar flavor of one of the pies, it was not at all unlikely that they might "last" more than a week. Mr. Plume's courage failed him. He didn't care to look any further. His hopes of making Janet the favored instrument of carrying out his reformatory designs, were summarily cut off. Janet was dismissed.

More than ever convinced that the old proverb, "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself," was unqualifiedly true, he gained a few days' leave of absence, resolved upon putting his own shoulders to the wheel. He did not purpose to turn laundress, having conceived an utter disgust for that wholesome employment; but he felt inclined to demonstrate to the world, and to Mrs. Plume in particular, that calculation would nearly double one's money. He proposed to see with how little and cheap material he could get up a good dinner. Buckling on his armor of prudence, he betook himself to a market. At first he contemplated a roast, but changed his mind upon learning that a shilling per pound was the penalty of that description of food. Beef steak and salmon proved objectionable for the same reason; but after considerable hesitation and inquiry, our economist made up his mind that a tongue was the very thing he needed; it was easily cooked, and would keep so nicely. So a tongue was bespoken, with sundry vegetables indispensable to Mr. Plume's palate. His bill was larger than he expected, but reflecting that his purchases would undoubtedly last several days, he followed them home with quiet complacency. Then he began to calculate:

"The tongue cost me eighty-four cents. Now supposing it makes us four dinners (and of course it will), that will put each dinner at the low figure of twenty-one cents. Cheap enough, I should say! As to the vegetables, they aint worth taking into account; the quantity I got to-day will serve us a week. However, I shall make a grand boil of them this morning, and they can be warmed as needed. Nothing like saving time and fuel. Why can't people comprehend that two pots can be heated by the same fire? What's to prevent me from making a pudding that'll do to eat cold? The same fire that boils the tongue, will bake it, and the stove can do inside and outside service. A great idea! I'll do it!"

Mr. Plume would not compromise his dignity by asking the advice of his wife, but he took the next best way, consulted her cook-book. Was it possible that it took so many different things to compound a pudding? Such a variety of articles—milk, eggs, butter, spice, sugar, crackers, etc.? He had concluded that bread and milk were the component parts, with perhaps an egg, and a trifle of sugar. Somewhat startled at this unlooked-for discovery, he paused a moment, undecided what to do; but his deliberations ultimated in this conclusion: a good pudding is the cheapest. And it was made according to rule, though his calculation received another shock upon paying twenty-five cents a dozen for eggs, and two shillings for a small square of butter.

Mr. Plume was a proud and happy man as he put the finishing touches to his dinner table, and seated the hungry children around it. The tongue was tender, though it had unaccountably diminished in size; but that and the pudding disappeared rapidly under the assaults of school appetites. The proprietor of the eatables began to fear there wouldn't be enough left to make a lunch of. His surmises proved correct; he had not the heart to allowance the hungry ones, inasmuch as this was the first good dinner they had tasted since the mother's illness, and it did him good to see them eat so heartily. But alas! a few vegetables, one solitary slice of tongue, and a spoonful or two of pudding, were all that remained of his morning purchases. Wasn't it possible money lasted no longer than that? Did every dinner cost as much as *that* had done? Mr. Plume resorted to calculation. If Mrs. Plume spent the same each day (and her meals were always excellent), how much would that amount to in a week? He aid put the figures together at once. Impossible! Why, that would be several dollars more than he had allowed Mrs. Plume for *all* her domestic expenses! There must be an error. Calculation said No, and ran over the items a second time, with a like result.

While he was cogitating himself, Mrs. Plume (who in health) limped downstairs, having the thing had been kept so the first survey, then the told the whole. With she stood gazing dubious exhibition. Hearing the hand made his way to "O, John! who has my damask napkins, mary's new frock, my nice towels, my—my—why Plume!" she added, entered the disordered "Because I've been The little woman's ment.

"I've been trying knew into practice; he the inference is that ing," he said.

"You forgot to eat Plume, slyly, remembment in spite of the kitchen closet.

Our would-be refor made a clean breast of departure; the washing, the cooking that "lasting, and lastly, his own to advantage.

Though glad to be Plume was quite rigid active workings of housekeeping. Chao every department; eac "Haste makes waste" mained of Janet's cool to quicken the appeti lyzed, proved unwor while the bread resen primitive state. The ishing place, were ex one party and conside er. They were careful of Mr. Plume's acute

Mrs. Plume recover with her victory, like no disagreeable allus Several advantages s she was allowed, w more generous supp labors were appreciat there was much less penses. "Calculatio Mr. Plume's vocabul seldom. Mrs. Plume husband.

ANOTHER R

Some years ago a tacked by the native below, who succeeded severely wounding s rows and spears.

Mr. Benjamin B fortune, who has for a pleasure yacht, sai Francisco in 1850-1, Wanderer, has for dead. In 1851, after purchased one or two Islands in the Pacifi government there ov his own peculiar and lying at anchor in the bent ashore, accu to haunt. During his surrounded by the reize her, but were and determination of can. From informa well as the long also cluded he must be on for him several days supposed, full eviden dered. The vessel t New Holland, and quaire. During the of the last year, a w islands and the crew jamin Boyd cut in were also told as a pher's) that a white and that Capt. Boyd murdered upon. T taking every means matter, and release soon as possible.—S

GOOD-

The venerable Ge consecutive years re the hotels and boar City, in those days, below par, the mem coupling your after table of Gen. H kept by a widow la was regularly fattene and at one end of t broiled mackerel. near the fish, and t greatness of his he loud, and assuring kissing the daughte them in Ohio, and hands; but t black boys, who st forgotten and grim dollar. As he pass which was not yet found, the mackere eyes, and raising t and finger, pointed by, good by, my on a long campaign to Lovejoy, we shal directly." The o house, and jumpin and fortunately for saw him again.—S

HAPPINESS.—T nature, and an en ences, to the feel p one's self, and to and conversational happiness leaves to the eyes of the wor receive any satisfac who gives herself h the cares in which

While he was casting up accounts with himself, Mrs. Plume (who had daily been improving in health) limped down stairs to see what was going on, having the more curiosity as everything had been kept so secret. The kitchen took the first survey, then the closet in it. One glance told the whole. With a despairing "O dear!" she stood gazing dubiously at the discouraging exhibition. Hearing the exclamation, the husband made his way to the spot.

"O, John! who has done this? Your shirts, my damask napkins, my best table-cloths, Harry's new frock, my nicest sheets, those handsome towels, my—my—why didn't you tell me, Mr. Plume!" she added, in distressed tones, as he entered the disordered room.

"Because I've been a fool, Mrs. Plume!"

The little woman's eyes dilated with astonishment.

"I've been trying to put what I thought I knew into practice; but as I haven't succeeded, the inference is that the knowledge was wanting," he said.

"You forgot to calculate, John!" said Mrs. Plume, slyly, remembering the sovereign argument in spite of the awful condition of her kitchen closet.

Our would-be reformer laughed, and then made a clean breast of his doings since Nancy's departure; the washing and ironing experiment, the cooking that "lasted a week," the shirt-making, and lastly, his own attempt to spend money to advantage.

Though glad to hear this confession, Mrs. Plume was quite rigid in her examination of the active workings of her husband's system of housekeeping. Chaotic confusion reigned in every department; each object bore the imprint, "Haste makes waste." The evidences that remained of Janet's cooking were not of a nature to quicken the appetite. The pies, when analyzed, proved unworthy of human confidence, while the bread resembled gutta percha in its primitive state. The shirts, brought from their hiding place, were subjects of much mirth to one party and considerable confusion to the other. They were carefully preserved as specimens of Mr. Plume's acute calculation.

Mrs. Plume recovered her health, and content with her victory, like a prudent woman, made no disagreeable allusions to what had passed. Several advantages resulted from her illness; she was allowed, weekly, thereafter, a much more generous supply of means, her cares and labors were appreciated in a greater degree, and there was much less grumbling at family expenses. "Calculation" seemed blotted from Mr. Plume's vocabulary, he referred to it so seldom. Mrs. Plume had a wiser, if not a better husband.

ANOTHER ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Some years ago an American vessel was attacked by the natives of the islands mentioned below, who succeeded in killing the captain, and severely wounding several of the crew with arrows and spears.

Mr. Benjamin Boyd, a Scotch gentleman of fortune, who has for years roamed the ocean in a pleasure yacht, and who paid a visit to San Francisco in 1850-1, with his beautiful craft, the Wanderer, has for three years been supposed dead. In 1851, after leaving San Francisco, he purchased one or two of the Solomon Group of Islands in the Pacific, designing to establish a government there over the natives, according to his own peculiar and eccentric notions. While lying at anchor in a bay of one of the islands, he went ashore, accompanied by a native boy, to hunt. During his absence, the Wanderer was surrounded by the natives, who attempted to seize her, but were prevented by the intrepidity and determination of the first officer, an American. From information afterwards derived, as well as the long absence of Mr. Boyd, they concluded he must be murdered, and after searching for him several days in vain, they found, as they supposed, full evidence of his having been murdered. The vessel then bore off for the coast of New Holland, and was wrecked at Port Macquaire. During the latter part of the summer of the last year, a whale ship was at one of these islands, and the crew discovered the name Benjamin Boyd cut in nearly all the trees. They were also told at another island (St. Christopher's) that a white man was living on the island that Capt. Boyd was supposed to have been murdered upon. The authorities at Sydney are taking every means to ascertain the truth of the matter, and release him from imprisonment as soon as possible.—*San Francisco Herald.*

GOOD-BY, OLD BOY!

The venerable General H——— was for several consecutive years returned to Congress; and as the hotels and boarding-houses in Washington City, in those days, were all on a par, or rather below par, the members were in the habit of occupying, year after year, the same rooms. The old Gen. H.'s boarding-house (which was kept by a widow lady and her two daughters) was regularly furnished with stereotyped dinners, and at one end of the table always appeared a broiled mackerel. Gen. H., whose seat was near the fish, had gazed so frequently upon it (for it never was touched except by the cook), that he knew it all "by heart." Now if the distinguished representative had any one peculiar virtue, it was an affectionate desire to make every person and every creature around him happy. On his return from the Congress adjourned, and Gen. H. paid his bill to the widow, and got ready to start for home. The stage stood at the door; and the old gentleman, showing the goodness of his heart, took the widow by the hand, and pressing it, bade her farewell; then kissing the daughters, said he would like to see them in Ohio, and furnish them with good husbands, etc.; but even this was not all. The black boys, who stood along the walls, were not forgotten; each one grinned as he handed out a silver dollar. As he passed around the breakfast table, which was not yet "cleared off," he saw his old friend, the mackerel. The tears came into his eyes, and raising it by the tail, with his thumb and finger, parted with it, saying: "Well, good by, good by, my old boy—you and I have served a long campaign together; but (wiping his eyes) I suppose we shall meet again next winter. Good-by." The old gentleman rapidly left the house, and jumping into the stage, rattled off, as I fortunately for his ears, the widow never saw him again.—*Washington Union.*

HAPPINESS.—True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions: false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others.—*Addison.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MUSIC.

BY TAMAR ANNE KENNON.

There is a power in music's magic strain
That raises from the heart its load of sorrow:
Bids all discordant feelings "Peace, be still!"
And points to a brighter, happier to-morrow.

It falls with a fascinating, soothing spell,
Like moonbeams on a rough and troubled sea;
O, sweet and heavenly strains, I love you well.
You're twined with every pleasant memory.

I love to hear the organ's soft, sweet note
Steal gently forth on the still evening air;
There's music in the silvery-tinkling bell
That calls the Christian to the house of prayer.

Music must be a foretaste of that heaven
Where the angels tune their harps in joyous glee;
O, may I, when this life of care is ended,
Join in their songs for all eternity.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BAD COMPANY.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

It is an old saying that "a man is known by the company he keeps," and a saying more true was never uttered. This means that the person is *judged* by such company, and such judgment must have a powerful weight against the character and interests of any person. A simple life-picture—one drawn from actual observation—will illustrate my meaning.

In a small country village lived a wealthy machinist named Clark. By industry and perseverance he had collected a handsome property, but he still carried on his business the same as before, save that he did not now work at the bench, having as much other business as he could attend to. Among his workmen was a youth named Nathan Wilder. Nathan was now almost twenty-one years of age, and had been in Mr. Clark's employ nearly seven years, having been bound to him as an apprentice. He was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and was respected and beloved by all who knew him. His direct qualities were all good, and his personal appearance was not only manly, but eminently handsome.

Yet Nathan had one fault. He had contracted a habit of associating with some of the reckless, unprincipled youths of the town. He loved to go away in the evening and meet them at some store or hall, and join with them in laugh, story and jest; and his social nature was of that ardent, impulsive kind which leads one to join in just such sport as may chance to be started. Such a youth would never project a bad plan, but should his companions do so, he would be almost sure to join them. Some of these youths were low and degraded in character; but yet managed to hold on to a certain degree of respectability, through the influence of respectable connexions. Young Wilder knew that they were "jolly good fellows," because he had heard others say so, and he looked at nothing beyond this. He felt sure that nothing could induce him to do an evil deed, and with this self-assurance he was satisfied.

"Where now?" asked Mr. Clark, as Nathan was preparing to go out one evening. The young man lived with his master, and had been a member of the family during the whole term, thus far, of his apprenticeship.

"O, just going out to spend the evening with a few friends," replied Nathan, with a slight smile.

"Anything particular going on?" pursued Mr. Clark.

"Why, I believe some of the boys think of going over to the back village," answered the youth, with some hesitation.

"For what?"

"Well—there is a sort of a party there to-night."

"Where?"

"At Billy Mac Wayne's."

"And did you think of going with them?"

"Why," answered Nathan, looking down upon the floor, "I thought if the rest went, I should go. I didn't suppose you would forbid it."

"No, Nathan, I should not *forbid* it; but I should not give you my consent, for I should hope that you would not go."

"But why? A lot of my friends are going, and they are only going for a little sport."

"But do you know what kind of sport they will have before they get back? Now mark me, Nathan, I do not wish to deprive you of any real pleasure, but I do wish to keep you from danger. You know the character of those who are going, and you know that they will be very sure to commit some evil deeds before they get back. I heard some of the boys in the blacksmith's department talking about it this afternoon. The Peterkin boys will be there, and so will the Hamptons and Lumbys. You know they will get rum at Mac Wayne's, and that they will disturb the peace."

"But I should not engage in any such thing as that," said Nathan, with much earnestness. "I never take a part in their doings."

"You only go to *see* the sport, eh?" queried Clark, with a significant smile.

"Why—yes—I s'pose so."

"So I thought. And now I want you to understand this thing: 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' There is no mistake about this. Now you know that most of the people over in the back village are poor, though they may be industrious and frugal. And you know, too, that the boys in our village go over there to have their scrapes *because* of the poverty and ignorance of the people there. Hence the very starting point is not only wrong, but low and cruel. Only last week, poor Johnny Eastman's fence was torn down, and his barn doors carried off, besides several other tricks of the same stamp. Perhaps you knew of this."

Nathan Wilder hung down his head and blushed, and a faint "*yes, sir,*" escaped from his lips.

"You were there, weren't you?" pursued Mr. Clark.

"Yes, sir, I was; but I had nothing to do with that—not a thing."

"But you stood by and laughed to see it done?"

"I couldn't help laughing, sir."

"I am sorry, Nathan, that you should have thus helped the evil-disposed ones in their work. You needn't look so wonderingly at me, for I mean just what I say. These wicked rakes ask for no other pleasure but to cause poor people pain, and make their companions laugh. Anything at which you would laugh, they would do. Now, I cannot conceive of a meaner or more niggardly act than that. Had they come and torn down my fence, it would not have been half so criminal, morally speaking, for Eastman is poor, and must feel such a loss very much."

"I know it was a mean trick, and I would not join them in it," said Nathan.

"But you stood by and saw them do it?"

"Yes, sir; because I didn't want to come home alone."

"I understand it, Nathan; and let me assure you that the best way to avoid coming home alone is never to go in the company of any one who may do that of which you would be ashamed. Just as sure as you continue to be seen in that company, just so sure will you be judged with them. Now I am going to give you a bit of information. Only yesterday, a gentleman asked me what kind of a young man 'that Nathan Wilder' was. Of course, I told him you were a good youth, and asked him what he meant. He then informed me that you were with the party who tore down Eastman's fence, and did other things of equal shame and sin. He did not know that you lived in my family, and he only asked for information, as he had seen you often, and supposed you to be a fine young man. I hope you will not go out this evening."

"Of course I shall not, if you do not wish it."

"But do you wish to go?"

The youth hesitated. The fact was, he had been anticipating the sport for two days, and he could not immediately give it up.

"Cooper is going," he said, after some moments of thought.

"Joseph, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper I know is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not thus to ruin his reputation. You look surprised, but I speak the truth. No man, be he ever so pure, can associate long with evil companions without losing his standing among respectable people. Why, even you are looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken."

"But people who know me would know better," uttered Nathan, quite confidently.

"How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence of course. I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know."

"Yes, sir—I do."

"And yet, were you asked who did it, you would not tell."

"Of course not. I would not expose a companion."

"So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company—one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must bear your share of the blame. But let this pass. You know that those young men with whom you would associate are evil-disposed, and you know, too, that if they go over to Mac Wayne's tonight, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, just as you choose."

Nathan Wilder started as he heard these words, but before he could make any reply, his master was gone. But he was not long left alone, for in a moment more a bright-eyed, lovely girl, of some nineteen summers, came tripping into the room. She was Mr. Clark's only child. Long had the youth loved that fair girl, and he knew that she loved him in return, but he had not yet had the courage to mention the subject to his master, for he was only an apprentice now, though a few short months would see him free. But a strange hope started to life in his bosom now. Those last words of the parent, and the peculiar tone in which they were spoken, and the look which accompanied them, meant something.

"Are you going out this evening?" the girl asked.

"No," he promptly answered.

"Good. I shall have company, for father and mother are both going out to spend the evening."

Half an hour afterwards, Joseph Cooper called for Nathan to accompany him, but his mission was fruitless. He urged, and urged, but Nathan said "no."

"When will you go?" asked Cooper.

"Never again on any more such scrapes, and I advise you to follow my plan."

Cooper at length found that the youth was in earnest, and with a derisive laugh, he went his way.

We need not tell how Nathan Wilder spent the evening, nor how happy he was. But one thing we will state: Very late, after many very meaningless things had been talked about, Nathan hinted at a point where he found courage to ask Mabel if she thought her father would ever consent to receive him for a son in-law.

"He has spoken with me on the subject," answered the maiden, frankly and firmly, "and he told me that if you made as good a man, morally and socially, as you had thus far been as a boy and youth, he should be happy to see me your wife."

For some moments after that, the youth thought more than he spoke, and the glistening tears that stood in his eyes told how deep were his feelings.

On the following morning, Nathan went early to the shop, happy and buoyant. About an hour afterwards, Joseph Cooper made his appearance, looking sleepy, and with a pale face.

"Well, Joe," said Nathan, "what sort of time did you have last night?"

"Glorious—glorious," cried Cooper. "Rum enough, though, and I was fool enough to drink some."

This last clause was spoken in a changed tone.

"Why, I did not know that you ever drank!" said Nathan, with much surprise.

"I don't like to; but I had to do it last night. They hung on so, that I couldn't get rid of it."

"Ah, Joe, you'd better have taken my advice last night."

"And how long is it since you have become so nice?" asked Cooper, with some irony.

"Only since last evening," kindly replied Nathan, "and even then I became so only from the plain advice and counsel of another."

"But we had some rare sport."

"And what kind of sport was it?"

"O, some—I tell you." And as Cooper thus spoke, he gave a significant wink, and then went to his bench.

Joseph Cooper was only two-and-twenty, and had been an apprentice to Mr. Clark until his majority, since which time he had been at work as a journeyman.

Nothing more was said on the subject of the last night's scrape until near the middle of the afternoon. It was near three o'clock, when the deputy sheriff entered the shop and inquired for Joseph Cooper.

"Where is Cooper?" the officer asked of Nathan Wilder.

"That's him, at the other end of the shop, sir."

"Let's see," resumed the visitor, glancing over a paper he held in his hand, "where were you last night?"

"At home, sir."

"You didn't go over to the back village?"

"No, sir. I've concluded to let that company go without me, hereafter."

"Good. I'm glad of that," uttered the sheriff, emphatically; and then he went along to where Cooper was at work.

He spoke with the young man, and the latter turned pale as death. There was much evident begging and praying, but in vain. The officer had come for Joseph Cooper, and he could not go without him. So Joe washed his hands and put on his coat and hat, and then, with a trembling step, accompanied the officer from the shop.

When Nathan went out, after his day's work was done, he learned the whole story: On the night before, a party of young men had gone over to the back village and had a carousal at Billy Mac Wayne's; and on their return, they tore down fences, carried away barn-doors, opened barn-yards and let the cattle out, stole water-melons, and several other things of like character. News had been received there that the party were coming, and they were watched. They were seen to do these things, and though it was too dark to distinguish faces at the time, yet all who were at Mac Wayne's were known, and they had been traced to their mischief.

That very evening the whole party, fourteen in number, were arraigned before a justice, and the complaint was entered against them. Poor Cooper plead that he had nothing to do with the work, and while the tears rolled down his cheeks, he asserted his innocence.

"You have been in this same company before!" said the justice.

"Yes, sir," hesitatingly answered Cooper.

"And you have known their character for mischief and disturbance?"

"Yes, sir; but I—"

"Never mind, now," interrupted the judge. "You should have thought of all this before. No one man of this party would have ever gone alone and done that work. It takes a *gang* to make such doings worth while, and you have been a member of that gang for some time. If you would be pure and above suspicion, you must *beware what company you keep!*"

After this, the justice went on to speak of the many wicked deeds which had been done in times past, and which, for the sake of the friends of the perpetrators, had been passed over; but the thing could not be overlooked now. The crime may have been sport to the doers; but poor, honest people had suffered heavily. A stop should be put to it.

"I," said the judge, "can only impose a fine of twenty dollars, and as I think the enormity of the offence demands a heavier penalty, I must commit you to be tried at the next term of the Superior Court."

Each of them was required to give bail in the sum of one hundred dollars. Nathan Wilder became bail for Cooper, and the others found bail among their friends.

That night Nathan went home a wiser man, and in his heart he thanked Mr. Clark for the counsel he had given. Joseph Cooper went home wiser, too, but he was miserable and unhappy. He now saw what evil company had done for him, and he wished that he had been wise before.

Within a week, eleven of the guilty party went and saw the people whose property had been abused, and not only confessed their error, and offered to make pecuniary restitution, but they also implored forgiveness, and promised to do so no more. The consequence was, that at the next term of the court no complaint appeared against the contrite youths. Only three ringleaders—three low, reckless, hardened youths—were tried, and were sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail.

It was a good lesson for many a youth in that town, and from that time forth there were no more such disturbances of peace and injuring of property; for the more virtuous of the youths had learned how dangerous it was to be found in bad company, and had consequently withdrawn from all connection with such, while the few who were evil in mind and wish dared not go alone upon any such work, having lost the *respectable cloak* which the presence of decent people had formerly thrown over their deeds.

In time, Nathan Wilder became the husband of Mabel, and a partner in business with Mr. Clark. He is now a middle aged man, and has a family of noble children, and to lessen of social life does he urge more strongly upon his children than the simple truth. "A man is *known by the company he keeps.*"

THE TORMENT OF FLIES.

A fly—the common house-fly—is beyond question malicious—perseveringly, deliberately malicious. Who has not been assailed by one of these torturing little demons, in perhaps the most delicate moment of his existence—at dinner—in shaving—even in making love, for the monsters are merciless!—some keen, sharp-shooter, with burning foot and stinging proboscis, who, taking aim at that peculiarly sensitive point where the nerves of the nostrils desicate with the roots of the moustache, hurls himself resolutely, "tooth and toe-nail," upon the spot, and sends a tingle of agony through the whole system, down to the very toes! Well—of course, you brush him off with contempt—pooh! that is nothing! He is back again before your face has subsided from the grimace of torture which his attacks occasioned. Buzz—bang! he comes again, with the force of a living catapult; and your poor nostril, now distended with the alarm and the recollection of the first assault, receives him point blank in its tenderest and most sensitive region. This time you are annoyed—you wait, enduring the agony of his fiery little claws, until he is firmly planted, that you may make sure of him—and then you give a tremendous slap, and hit—your nose—while your tormentor escapes, singing and humming in mockery, and wheeling round and round, like a fish-hawk watching for his prey. You are crimson with rage, mortification and pain; the lady sitting opposite you smiles, in spite of herself, and you, with some half uttered remark about those troublesome flies, and goes as if to pull down the window shade, while she recovers her countenance.

Meanwhile, the fly has renewed his attacks with redoubled ferocity. You blow—you flirt your pocket handkerchief into your eyes till the tears come—you pommel your poor nose in despair—no use. You might as well try to hit a ray of light! You can bear it no longer—you get up, sit down—get up again—walk about—and at last seize your hat and rush out of the house.

And then, how deliciously the little d—ls (there, we knew it would slip out before we had done!) torment you in the sweet morning nap, for which they seem especially to have been lying in wait all night.

We feel every night, upon going to bed, that the chances are not entirely against our being literally devoured or carried off before morning.

Then in the kitchen—the dining-room—the parlor—the counting-room, everywhere, in short—the plague is universal and intolerable. All sorts of devices have been invented to exterminate these flying pests and nuisances, but to no effect. The more you keep them out, the more they *will* come in—the more you kill, the more there are alive. They really amount, in such a season as this, to a plague that exhausts the patience of the most *Job* like, and tries the philosophy of the most philosophical!—*N. Y. Mercury.*

A FAST YOUNG LADY.

A little girl of scarce three summers called in at the house of a newly-married couple, neighbors of mine, and finding the lady a little imposed, after talking a few minutes on some other matters, very politely and sympathetically asked:

"Do you think you will die, Mrs. H.?"

"O, no! I presume not now."

"What would you do with your clothes and furniture, if you should die?"

"I should let Gorham (her husband) have them."

"What would you do with that white bonnet of yours? I think it is a very pretty bonnet."

"I should let Gorham keep that too."

"Perhaps he might marry again?" was the little one's last query.

Wasn't that decidedly "fast"—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

A physician is not angry at the intemperance of a mad patient, nor does he take it ill to be railed at by a man in a fever. Just so should a wise man treat all mankind, as a physician does his patient, and look upon them only as sick and extravagant.—*Seneca.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ALONE WITH THE CLOCK.

BY SHABADIA BETHEL.

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
How the bright hours hasten by!
Does the old clock like to call their names,
And hurry them momently?
While on their wings,
Earth's precious things,
Youth, friends and fortune fly?

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
Does it think to count my sighs,
As I muse of the loved ones far away,
And recall sweet memories,
Till tears of pain,
Like burning rain,
Are falling from my eyes?

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
The sound is maddening me;
So many moments are utterly lost,
I might spend joyously.
A demon's dart,
It strikes my heart,
And my blood boils like the sea.

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
Well, yours is the fleeting hour;
But I will calm my troubled pulse,
And measure my rightful power;
And tell like beads,
The glorious needs,
Which are my spirit's dower.

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
O you shall have work to do,
To number the generous schemes I'll form;
And God helping, carry through.
No lifeless block
For you to mock,
Is the figure that listens to you.

Tick, tick, tick, tick—
Yours is no endless sway;
But I shall endure when you are dust,
And pendulum worlds decay.
Outliving time,
My song sublime,
Shall peal forever and aye.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PAWNBROKER'S CUSTOMERS.

BY WALTER HENDERSON.

One lowery, dark day in autumn I made my escape into a pawnbroker's office, there to look over the daily papers, and chat with the keeper, who was an intimate acquaintance of mine. I loved to go in there once in a while to see the various people who came in, and observe the different characters and bearing of the various applicants. If any man has extended opportunities to study human nature, and to read strange and startling episodes in human life, it is the fair, candid, yet shrewd pawnbroker. On the present occasion I had taken my seat back of the counter, near the stove, and had opened my paper, when the door opened, and a young man entered. He was well dressed, though some of his clothing showed marks of great service; and his hat, which was very smooth and polished, had certainly passed under the renovating hands of the hat dresser many times. His coat, which was black, and polished about the elbows and breast by much wear, was buttoned close up to the chin, and from the fact that he kept it thus buttoned, despite the heat of the place, I judged that he had but a poor apology for clothing beneath it. Under his arm he carried a small, square bundle, and in his hand was a small paper roll. His face was pale, his eyes were large and dark, and altogether he had one of the most intellectual looking faces I ever saw. But one thing was lacking. There was some fire in his countenance, but it was a passive, tame kind, and he had little energy or assurance.

This youth regarded me for some moments uneasily, but the broker asked him if he had business, and this served to start him up. He beckoned for my friend to come away further from where I sat, and then, in a low, tremulous whisper, he explained the first part of his business, which seemed to be connected with the small paper roll, as he turned his back to me and opened it. I saw the broker shake his head with a dubious smile, and I could understand that he gave a most emphatic negative. I could see the youth's cheeks, and I saw that the blood rushed up to them, remaining there a few moments, and then settling back again, leaving the face as pale as before.

Next the square bundle was opened, and four books were taken out. The broker looked more ready for business. He examined the books, and offered nine shillings for them. The youth seemed thunderstruck.

"They're worth six dollars, at least," he said, with some energy.

"Not to me. But I'll say two dollars, if you'll redeem them in a month."

The young man hesitated a long while, but at length accepted the offer. The money was paid over, and the contract entered upon the broker's book.

"What name shall I say?"

"Never mind the name, sir."

"But something. I must have the name, if you ever expect—"

"Very well—Smith—John—John Smith."

So the name was entered, and the youth turned away.

"Poor fellow!" uttered the broker, after the applicant had gone.

"What is it?" I asked.

"He's one of those whom the ungrateful public don't appreciate. He's an author. Didn't you see the roll of paper he showed me? Well, that was the manuscript of part of a new novel he's writing, and he wanted to leave that as security for money until he could finish the rest, and get a publisher and some advance. I've no doubt that the work is destined to be a great one, but 'twould be poor stuff for me now. He's hard up, poor fellow, and yet one can see that he don't dissipate any."

After this, I dove into the paper, but I could not read. I could only think of the pale, young author, away in his distant attic, and by degrees I came to the conclusion that he needed only one thing to lift him up in this world. He had talent, I felt sure—and native goodness, virtue, and modesty; but he needed what is vulgarly denominated "*brass!*"

Ere long another customer came in. This was a young man, but as much unlike the other as possible. His dress was flashy and jaunty, and his face coarse and marked with dissipation. His business was bold and reckless.

"Hard up again, old fellow," was his first salutation, at the same time pulling a gold watch from his pocket. "Here—full jewelled, double-timer—won it in a raffle—off it goes. Now do the handsome thing, for there's no redemption here."

The broker knew his customer. He looked at the watch, opened it, and examined the works, then hung it up, and pulled out his pocket-book, from which he counted seventy-five dollars.

"Is that all?" asked Flash.

"You may have the watch for that amount at any time within four and-twenty hours," was the broker's laconic answer.

"All right." And thus speaking, the youth rolled the bills up, jammed them into his pocket, and then left.

"Now that fellow's superlatively happy," remarked the broker. "He's a king now, and will be for about eight-and forty hours, and then he'll be hard up again."

So goes the world.

But soon a different customer came in. It was a female, closely veiled, and dressed in deep mourning. She entered slowly, and I could see that she trembled considerably. She gazed around for some moments through her black veil, and then she approached the broker. He spoke to her, and she then raised her veil. Her face was very pale and very beautiful, but the dark shade which the sable surroundings threw over her face made it impossible to judge of her age. She was a slim, frail-looking woman, and had surely seen much sorrow. Her raven hair was glossy and smooth, and one little fugitive curl had stolen out from behind the crape trimmings of her bonnet, and now lay trembling upon a temple as white as alabaster.

But I had surely seen that face before. It was familiar from sight, but not from acquaintance. At length I remembered. Some two weeks before I had attended the funeral of a member of one of the military companies, and I knew I saw the woman among the chief mourners on that occasion, and I also felt sure that she was made a widow by that bereavement.

"Can I do anything for you, to-day, ma'am?" asked the broker.

Slowly the woman opened a small purse she had in her hand, and from thence she took a small gold watch, which she handed to the broker.

"What do you wish for this, ma'am?"

"I must obtain some money on it, sir," she replied, hesitatingly, and tremulously, and in a tone very low and sweet.

"How much?" the broker asked, at the same time opening the watch, and finding it a most perfect, little, full-jewelled chronometer.

"As much as you can, sir."

"Do you wish to sell it?"

"O no, no sir. Not for worlds!" she uttered, vehemently. "But," she added, in a subdued tone, "I want the money."

"How much do you think the watch is worth, ma'am?"

"I don't know, sir; but—I hope—enough to save me from—from being turned out of doors."

"Well," resumed the broker, examining the article more carefully, "I suppose you can sell this watch for something over a hundred dollars. Now I will let you have any sum from one to eighty dollars."

"You will, sir?" the woman uttered, in glad surprise.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then let me have fifty dollars."

"For how long a time?"

The applicant hesitated, and bowed her head, and her tremulousness increased.

"Ah, sir," she at length replied, "I don't know when I can pay for it. Perhaps in a month, and perhaps—*never!* I am very poor! Alas! all, all gone! Do with me as you can."

"Then perhaps you'd better sell it to me. I'll give you a hundred, and something over, for—"

"No, no, sir. Give me the fifty, and I'll leave it for six months."

"Very well." And the broker counted out fifty dollars, made a note, and also a bond.

The woman dropped her veil, but before she did so, I could see a bright tear glistening on her dark lashes. When she came to sign the note her hand trembled violently, and she hesitated a long while ere she wrote. At length, however, the business was done, and she left the office.

"Now that's not her real name," said the broker, after the woman had gone.

He showed me the note, and I saw written, in small, tremulous letters, "ELIZA LOWE."

"How do you know?" I asked him, after I had examined the autograph.

"O, it's plain enough to see. In the first place, she studied too long on it; and in the next place you can see that that is a name she is not used to writing."

It was a long while before I could get the subject of the unfortunate woman from my mind, for she had taken hold upon my sympathies deeply. An hour and a half had passed away after this, and I was thinking of leaving the office, when the door was again opened, and this time another young man entered, and he was as unlike the first and second as they had been unlike each other. He was a bold, frank, noble-looking young fellow, habited in a seaman's garb, and his face was one, too, of more than ordinary beauty.

"Can I serve you, sir?"

"Ay—may be," responded Jack. "I want something to keep the run of your shore goin' time—a bit of a watch, I s'pose."

"What kind, sir?"

"Something good an' cheap."

Then come right around here to the window and look. There's any quantity, and every kind."

The young man started around, but before he reached the window, his eye chanced to rest upon the little gold chronometer which the previous customer had left, and which yet lay upon the broker's desk.

"Ah—here's a snug little craft," said the sailor.

"But not for sale, sir."

The man did not seem to notice the remark, for he took the watch up and began to examine it. I looked up into his face over the top of my paper, and I found him changing color strangely, and his hard, brown hands were trembling.

"Where d'ye fall afoul of this, friend?" he asked, huskily.

"A woman left it here not more than two hours ago, sir."

"A woman?" iterated the young man. "Did she pawn it?"

"Yes."

For some moments the stranger seemed too much moved to speak, but at length, with an effort, he went on:

"Who was she, sir?"

"A—she wrote her name here, sir," returned the broker, showing the paper the woman had signed.

The man looked upon the paper, and after studying upon the name for some moments a doubtful look overspread his features.

"Did she—was she—suffering much?" he asked, in a whisper.

"From want, sir."

"But she wouldn't sell this watch?" he added, eagerly.

"No, sir. I offered her over a hundred dollars, but nothing would tempt her to part with it."

"And yet let her have how much on it?"

"Fifty dollars was all she would take."

"I'll give you back the fifty, and—"

"No, no, sir. I pledged my honor that I would not let the watch go."

"But," continued the sailor, "I have a—" He hesitated, and in a moment more, added, "Tell me where to find her."

"I know nothing of her, sir."

At this juncture I spoke, for I saw that the young man's countenance fell, as he heard this last answer.

"Perhaps I could lead you to her residence," I said.

"Can you?" he cried, starting towards me with a look in which eagerness, hope and gratitude were about equally combined.

"About two weeks ago I attended the funeral of a Mr. Phillips," I returned, "and the woman who left this watch seemed to be the deepest mourner."

The man started, and his lip trembled.

"Come," he said, after a short pause, "come, show me the place."

As I arose, he turned to the broker, and added:

"You will keep that watch carefully."

The broker promised, and then we left the office. The distance to the house where I had attended the funeral was about half a mile, and we walked rapidly. Not a word was spoken during the whole distance, until we reached the door.

"Here is the house," I said.

It was an old brick house, on a narrow, dark avenue, and surrounded by buildings poorer still.

"You knock," he said, nervously.

"And what then?" I asked.

He thought a moment, and then answered:

"Say you want to see—a—a lady who was up in town this afternoon. You can describe her. Get me into the house where she is, someway."

I stepped up and rang the bell, and in a few moments a young Irish girl came to the door.

"I wish to see a lady whom I saw up in town this afternoon," I said. "A lady dressed in deep mourning. Is there not such an one here?"

"Mrs. Phelaps, ye mane, is it?"

"I think so. Could I see her?"

"I'll see. If ye'll walk intil the room close here, I'll be afther callin' her."

So my companion and I followed the girl into a small front room, and then she went away. I fancied that I could hear the sailor's heart beat, and I was sure he was much moved, for his breath came thick and heavy, and his hands worked with nervous movements.

At length we heard a light step coming through the hall towards the door.

"Will you speak first?" I asked. But before he could answer, the door was opened, and the woman entered. She was the same one that had pawned the watch, and now I could see all her melancholy, pensive beauty. I looked at my companion, and his face had grown suddenly as rigid as marble.

"Madam," he said, just as I had made up my mind to speak first, and in a tone unearthly in its attempt to be natural, "I saw a watch just now which I wish to purchase, and I have come to see if you will let me have it."

The woman started at first, but upon seeing me, and probably remembering that I had seen the whole transaction, she became calm.

"I could not sell it," she said, tremulously but firmly.

"But, madam, I have great reasons for wishing it."

"I beg, sir, that you will not urge me further, for—for—I will tell you the truth, sir—it was a gift to me from one whom I love—O, God only knows how deeply."

I was sure that at this moment I heard a low sob break from the bosom of my strange companion, and when I looked towards him I saw a big tear rolling down his cheek.

"Strange," he muttered, with an effort, "that such should be the case, for that watch was surely once mine."

"*Yours*, sir?"

"Yes, madam. And I gave it to—to—my own—dear—mother."

"You—gave it—to your own—"

"Yes—my own mother, God bless her! And hasn't she prayed for her wayward Jack many a time since!"

"Her—her *Jack—Jack Phillips!*"

"Mother—"

"Jack! my boy!"

I waited until I saw those two people clasped in each other's arms—until I heard them sob, and saw them weep, and then I took my hat and slipped quietly out of the room, and out of the house. I made my way back at once to the pawnbroker's, and it was really dark before we had done talking about it.

Four days after that, as I called into the broker's office in the afternoon, he gave me a letter which had been left there for me. I opened it, and read as follows:

"November 7, 183—.

"DEAR SIR.—Will you do us the kindness to call upon us at No. 14, L—— street, at four to six o'clock this afternoon, and take tea.

"Yours truly, and with respect,

"JACK PHILLIPS."

Of course I went. I found John Phillips to be my sailor friend, and his mother the heroine of the watch, both of them being the pawnbroker's customers of that cold afternoon, four days before. The woman looked more beautiful than ever. She seemed young to be the mother of such a child, but she was one who bore years lightly.

I was received warmly, and the simple tale, of which I had seen the affecting *denouement*, was soon told. When Jack left for sea six years before, his father and mother had lived in Baltimore, and it was at that time that he had made his mother the present of the watch. Three years afterwards they removed to Boston, and since that time the mother had not heard from her boy, and of course she had not known where to direct a letter to him. At length Mr. Phillips was taken sick, and, after an illness of four months, died. The widow was left, not only penniless, but deeply in debt for rent. Her landlord offered to call all square if she would become his wife. She spurned him and his offer with indignation, and in revenge he was about to turn her into the street when she came to pawn the watch.

Jack's story was simply this: His ship had been cast away in the Indian Ocean, and he had made his way to Australia just as the gold fields were discovered there. Now he had come home with over eighty thousand dollars, and the future was surely bright with joyous promise. The ship in which he came, entered Boston harbor, and he was just on the point of starting for Baltimore, when he came into the pawnbroker's office to buy a watch.

"Rather a funny thing, wasn't it?" said Jack.

"Surely it was," I replied.

"And was it not a blessed thing?" murmured the happy mother, with moistened eyes. "Ah, Jack, surely God was with us when you and I became *the pawnbroker's customers!*"

A FLYING CLOUD.

Some years since, Mr. Henshawe, a Boston merchant, had occasion to go to Philadelphia on business. As this was a sudden step, and he was compelled to expedite his preparations, he did not reach the packet till just as it was about to start. This was at six o'clock in the afternoon, or more properly in the evening. He went to bed early—to dream, perhaps, of the rise of stocks, and cent. for cent., for it is odd how the business cares of a man's daily life will obtrude themselves upon his mind, when it should be "to dumb forgetfulness a prey." The next morning found him looking out upon the broad ocean. Not a sail was anywhere to be seen. "One might easily imagine themselves bound on an European voyage," thought he. At this moment, while leaning over the bulwarks, he was aroused from his reverie by the voice of a friend whom he had supposed was already on his way to England. "What, Allison, you here?" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Henshawe. "Certainly. Where did you expect I would be? But the mystery of it is, how *you* came to be here. I didn't suppose I should have you for a fellow-voyager." "What! Are you then going to Liverpool by way of Philadelphia?" "To Liverpool, by way of Philadelphia!—no, to be sure not. But I should judge from appearance that you were bound to Philadelphia by way of Liverpool." "What do you mean?" "Do you know where you are?" "Certainly. On the Flying Cloud, bound for Philadelphia." "My dear fellow, here is a terrible mistake. You have got into a quandary indeed. This is no more the Flying Cloud than I am. A very portentous *flying cloud* came over Henshawe's troubled face as he exclaimed: "In the name of goodness tell me what it means?" "Simply that this is the Sea King, one of the Liverpool packets." "Good Heavens!" said the astonished Mr. Henshawe, "what's to be done?" "Well, the best thing you can do now is to grin and bear it, as the poet says (query, what poet?") seeing that it is quite beyond remedy."

Such was indeed the case.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

NARCOTICS.

The use of narcotics is not a social but a solitary vice. The habit may be concealed for a long time from the public; but as it gains strength, it gets the mastery of self respect and decency, and the sallow visaged, absent-minded, maudlin, loathsome object, publishes her own shame. She is a living mortification to her friends, and becomes curses in almost every duty to her husband and children. She grows indolent, shiftless, and drowsy. She lives for opium, and not for them; and to obtain that she will barter eggs, yarn, butter, rags, anything of domestic merchandise, and if these fail, will squander, if permitted, a large share of the earnings of her disheartened husband. Every country storekeeper and every village and city druggist knows customers to whom this description will apply. They are as truly dissipated as the drunkard, and the man who, knowing their habits, will supply them with opium, is as really doing wrong to them and their families as if he sold them rum. Public attention has been called to this evil. The legislature has passed no enactment against it, and good men have thought very little about it; but we put it to the conscience of the merchant and the apothecary, that they are morally bound to refuse to furnish such women the narcotic stimulants which are destroying them, and bringing misery upon their kindred. We perceive, from articles in the English newspapers and reviews, that the practice of taking opium, in all its forms, especially that of laudanum, is alarmingly on the increase. The victims to this drug in that country are mostly females. *Medical Journal.*

THE WEEVIL.

The Binghampton Republican says: "A farmer in that vicinity, who supposed that yellow birds destroyed the wheat, commenced shooting them, and out of curiosity opened the crop of one of them. He found, instead of eating the wheat, the birds destroyed the weevil. He discovered as many as two hundred weevil in the crop, and but four grains of wheat, which the weevil had in them. The next time a lazy lubber, having nothing to do but carry all day a gun on his shoulder, roams through the fields or woods we hope that he will direct the instrument of death at some useless or mischievous object, and not at the yellow bird, or any other pleasant little songsters making the air vocal with their music."

Jester's Picnic.

A faithful, old fashioned man servant of a country clergyman, on a visit to the Archbishop of York, told his master that, while sitting one morning in the servants' hall, a bell was rung violently. Near him a richly liveried footman was lounging in an easy chair, with his heels as high as his head—and from this comfortable position he budged not an inch at the importunate summons above mentioned. "What!" cried the primitive and provincial serving man, "don't you answer the drawing room bell?" "Not unless they *persevere*," was the cool response of his footmanship.

They tell great stories about the fishing in Kansas. It is said that near Keoshi lately a man baited a hook with a whole duck, and sank it in the river over night. The next morning he hauled in his line, and found that a six pound fish had seized the duck, and that a seventy pound fish had got hooked while attempting to seize the sixpounder. He hauled the whole upon the bank—two fishes and the duck upon a single hook—and did not need to go a fishing again for a week.

A very genteel and pretty lady stepped into a confectioner's shop in Boston, and requested in an agitated manner, permission of the proprietor to go below into the cellar, stating that she had dropped five dollars through the grating as she came in. The kind hearted knight of the soda fountain being very busy, and not doubting the story of his lovely customer, handed her five dollars, saying he would find it when at leisure. Perhaps he will.

A young female having recently engaged herself to a situation in York, forwarded the following curious epistle by post: "Dear Madam—I write to inform that a fresh dream have come over my spirits I am going to be married, therefore you must excuse me coming to your situation has I engaged we must one of us be disappointed therefore I think I shall not Miss a good chance you must be disappointed. I am dear Madam yours &c., M. H."

Fanny Wallack was recently playing Juliet at Leeds, England, and just when she had exclaimed,—"O! cruel poison!" a tall, lean, gaunt, sandy haired medical student in the stage-box, deeply absorbed in the scene, thrust down his hat on his head with a convulsive effort, crying out in a voice of thunder at the same time,—"Keep him up, Juliet, "*I'll run and fetch the stomach-pump!*"

A friend was complaining to Colman that he should be obliged to change his tailor, as he found a suit of clothes would not last him above one half the time it ought to do; and inquired if he could recommend him any place where he could meet with apparel more durable? "Yes," said Colman, "I could recommend you to Chancery, and there you may have a suit that will last you for life."

Queen Elizabeth being once tormented with the toothache, and yet afraid of having the tooth drawn, Bishop Aylmer being present, to encourage her majesty, sat down in a chair, and calling to the operator, "Come," said he, "though I am an old man, and have but few teeth to spare, draw me this;" which was done; and the queen seeing him make so light a matter of it, sat down and had hers drawn also.

A Yankee who went over to the mother country some time ago, was asked on returning how he liked Great Britain.

"Well," he said, "England is a very nice country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous, and very wealthy; but I never liked to take a morning walk after breakfast, because the country is so small I was afraid of walking off the edge."

At Springfield, Mass., a lady sent the following volunteer toast: "Spruce old bachelors, the *evergreens* of society."

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